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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In France, as the time for the elections draws nearer, the feebleness and distraction of the Ministry becomes more glaring. The conspirators of May 16 had counted on the union of the Conservatives. They had believed that common hatred of the Republic would suffice to extinguish all hereditary animosities between Royalists and Imperialists. Now, instead of this happy consummation, the partisans of the eagle and the *fleur-de-lis* are shooting at each other with red-hot bullets. They had hoped that the prestige of the Marshal would rally the country electors to his Government. They traced out for the chief of the Republic an elaborately-studied series of journeys. The first of these progresses, that to Bourges, was followed by the rupture between M. de Fourtou and the Duke de Broglie. The second was inaugurated at Evreux by the sturdy speech of the Deputy-Mayor, highly respectful to the Marshal but unequivocally loyal to the Republic. It was ended at Cherbourg by cries of "Vive M. Thiers!" which must have sounded ominous to the present President. They have decided upon a third progress, but the town of St. Etienne has refused to go through the ceremony of reception, and it may be expected that the turbulent populations of the South will make it clear to the Ministers on which side their sympathies lie. Altogether the Marshal's journeys have not been the success that was expected. The Ministers hoped to frighten the electors. Nobody seems to care for their threats. The prefects and sub-prefects are without power or prestige. The rumours of a *coup d'état* cause little alarm. People know that an appeal to force is impossible. Never has a Minister been more ridiculed than M. Brunet, more abused than M. de Fourtou, more lamented than the Duke Decazes.

So discomfited and disunited are the conspirators of May 16 that the Republicans expect soon to reap the reward of their admirable moderation. It is said that the Duke de Broglie acknowledges his defeat, and that his sole care now is to effect an honourable retreat. He knows precisely the worth of the Bonapartist threats, the cries of the advocates of a *coup d'état* that he is negotiating with the Left Centre, and we shall probably soon see him accomplishing an evolution which will dislocate the Ministry. The scandal caused by the revelations of the *Moniteur* about the intrigues of General Berthaut will probably precipitate the crisis, and speedily bring the Marshal to the alternative of which M. Gambetta spoke, *se démettre ou se soumettre*. The probability is that he will prefer submission to resignation.

Since Parliament rose, Home Rulers have been considerably "exercised" over the conduct of the Obstructionist section. There have been popular meetings and conferences, and a deputation has waited on Mr. Butt, but it is impossible to say what may come of all this excitement till we see what is done at the great National Conference of Home Rulers which it is proposed to hold before next meeting of Parliament. It is not unlikely that the Home Rule party will undergo a similar division to that which broke up Chartism between 1839 and 1849—a division into moral-force Home Rulers and physical-force Home Rulers. The advocates of physical force have been ominously prominent in recent meetings. A speaker at Glasgow congratulated his audience on their display of bone and sinew, which he said would be an important factor in the settlement of their dispute with the House of Commons. A letter was read from a reverend Father to the Rotundo meeting, in which he illustrated the new policy that must be adopted by the story of the old man who pelted the little boy with tufts of grass, and lumps of clay, and other harmless missiles, but without effect, until he tried the virtue of stones. It is quite clear that many of the moving spirits among the Home Rulers outside Parliament are impatient of constitutional methods of obtaining redress, and it is but too probable that they will draw the majority after them. They want only their Feargus O'Connor. Mr. O'Donnell seems to be ambitious of the post.

Mr. Butt has been obliged to make certain concessions to the more impatient spirits of his party, while he is emphatic in declaring that he will have nothing to do with organised obstruction, and that the effect of such a course can only be to alienate such English members as might otherwise co-operate with them for remedial measures. Mr. Butt is placed in some difficulty by his having pledged himself before Parliament met to a more energetic policy, and being obliged to admit that very little has been done by the Home Rule party this Session. Next Session he promises that he will execute his favourite policy of giving a complete exposure of Irish grievances, making his opportunities by raising debates on item after item of the Estimates. This is a cheerful prospect for next Session, but it is not impossible that Mr. Butt, who is a skilful tactician, will, by taking this line, succeed in maintaining his authority with his party.

The O'Donoghue had a comparatively easy task in satirising the inconsistencies of Mr. Parnell. The

member for Meath makes no attempt to be consistent; his only care seems to be to keep verbally clear of an admission that he desires to obstruct Parliamentary business. He is very much mistaken if he supposes that these transparent saving clauses will stand him in stead if his conduct is seriously taken up by Parliament. He gave a good example of his somewhat puerile method in his speech at the Rotundo meeting. After expressing a hope that next time he was turned out of the House he would be turned out more effectually, he went on to say—"If the Irish people cared to punish, cared to retaliate upon those who had never failed to use every means of coercion to Irish members, then help to accomplish that retaliation. Talk of conciliation; did they conciliate the housebreaker, the robber, or the highwayman? Then it was certainly not their duty so to deal with the English robber, the English housebreaker, the English highwayman. If they wanted to deal with these people, they must punish them." After giving vent to his feelings in this savage manner, Mr. Parnell proceeded to put himself formally in order, as it were, by saying that his object was not to obstruct but to perfect English legislation. "As for himself and those who had worked with him, they had done nothing but try to do them good; but they said they could not bear it. Then what would they say, what would they do, when he and his friends tried what they could do, about doing them harm." It is said that Mr. Parnell exhibits in private a keen sense of humour. It is not incredible.

Dr. Frankland's reports on the condition of the drinking water supplied to the metropolis seem at last to have done their work. It was impossible to read month after month these horrible accounts of "moving organisms" without becoming uneasy. The signs are now multiplying of a healthy interest in the subject. Not so very long ago Mr. Bramwell's paper at the British Association on the London water supply would not have been considered the most striking incident in a session of that body, however tame. But it has been taken up with great earnestness, and its recommendations criticised and enforced by the Press with a vigour which shows that we are on the eve of getting some serious action taken. We do not know that Mr. Bramwell's plan of leaving the water companies in possession of their respective fields, and providing a separate supply under a system of constant pressure for drinking water and the extinction of fires, is the best that has been suggested. It no doubt has the practical advantage that it might evade the opposition of the water companies, which has hitherto been the insuperable obstacle to a reform, but there is every objection to it in point of economy. Those who are in favour of procuring a reform by amalgamating the present water companies calculate upon an enormous saving upon the expenses of administration, and to add another to the already too numerous administrations would indeed be "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

The General Assembly of Missouri has done an act of justice to the numerous German population of that State. It has passed a law to amend a previous Act referring to the publication of judicial notices and other matters of general concern. The new law says:—"In counties in which one or more newspapers are published in the German language, the publication of such advertisements or orders of publication and of all notices or advertisements made in conformity with any deed of trust, or power of sale, or power of attorney, may, in the discretion of the party at whose instance they are published, and, if in a judicial proceeding, with the approval of the Court before whom the publication is required to be proved, be made in the English language in a newspaper published in the German language." A further amendment, desired in parts of the United States where Germans most do congregate, is the publication, in such cases, of a double text, English and German, with equal legal validity. The Germans have entitled themselves to some consideration. When, in last century, the Legislature of Pennsylvania had to fix the official language of the State, it was found that there was an equal division of votes for English and German. The Speaker of the Assembly, a German, gave his casting-vote in favour of English. A number of the Pennsylvanian Germans are descendants of men who emigrated to America in the second part of the seventeenth century, after the great and desolating Thirty Years' War, which had deeply rent the nation in consequence of the struggle for religious reformation. Since then, vast numbers of Germans have sought a new home on American soil; especially since the overthrow of the popular movement for Freedom and Union in 1848-49.

The Bishop of London's reply to the communicants of St. John the Evangelist, Hammersmith, is a model of neat sarcasm, which gains rather than loses in effect from the soft and ample folds of episcopal circumlocution in which it is wrapped. The communicants say that they are all, or most of them, prepared to uphold the vicar in his submission to the judgment of the Judicial Committee, but that they do this only for the work's sake, and not because they recognise the tribunal as one that has any claim to the allegiance of Churchmen. The Bishop, in reply, declines "to enter into a discussion of all the matters referred to in their address, on almost all of which, with the exception of their determination to uphold their vicar in his wise and loyal decision, he unfortunately feels himself constrained to differ." And he ends as follows:—"We are not accustomed, thank God, to impeach the integrity of our Judges in temporal suits, even when their decisions may seriously affect our own interests; rather we pride ourselves—and with reason—on the unsullied purity of the judicial ermine. May we not, therefore, be led to suspect, when we find ourselves impeaching both their ability and their honesty in dealing with causes ecclesiastical, that our own strong feelings and prepossessions may have somewhat warped our own judgment and perhaps impaired our charity? I can easily understand and sympathize with the dissatisfaction felt by a congregation which finds itself deprived of certain accessories to religious worship to which its members have been accustomed, and which have become associated in their minds with some of their holiest aspirations and the most sacred of the means of grace; but I am sure that all they may fear thus to lose will be more than compensated by the Divine blessing, which ever accompanies self-denying submission, for conscience sake, to law and lawful authority; and I pray that the step which your pastor has so wisely taken, and which you have decided to follow, may lead you all on to higher degrees of faith, and love, and holiness." Only a Bishop could venture to indulge in this exquisite chaff.

Servia, after having been begging for a little loan in all the capitals of Europe for the last two years in vain, is unable to make the people pay the forced loan of last year for 12,000,000 francs (480,000*l.*). Up till now no more than 2,752,212 francs has been paid in. A decree has consequently been issued fixing Oct. 27, 1877, and Jan. 13, 1878, for the payment in full of the outstanding accounts. After then execution will be resorted to.

The German taxpayers can hardly complain that their sovereign does not do enough work for their money. The programme of the Imperial journey in September involves an amount of labour highly creditable to any octogenarian, though he be an Emperor. On Saturday September 1 there is to be a grand parade of the Guards in Berlin, succeeded by an equally grand parade dinner in the Imperial palace at 4 P.M. At 11.30 P.M. the Emperor will leave Berlin, *viâ* Lenrte and Hanover, for Essen, where he will arrive at 7.45 A.M. Here he will make his toilette and take breakfast at Herr von Krupp's house, and then, at 10 A.M., proceed to view the

great steam-hammer in operation, and worked only by volunteers. At 12 o'clock, lunch at Herr von Krupp's. Lunch will be succeeded by a visit to the firing grounds and the workmen's town. Dinner at 4 P.M., and departure from Essen at 6 P.M. for Benrath, where he arrives at 6.50. At 9 P.M. the first two days' uninterrupted labour will be closed with a serenade by the bands of the 7th Corps d'Armée. What will the British Sabbatarians say to this Imperial desecration of the Sabbath? On Monday, the Emperor will leave Benrath at 10.30 for the junction north of Düsseldorf, where he will review the 7th Corps d'Armée till 1.30 P.M., after which he will return to Benrath, where he will give a grand dinner at 5 P.M., in the Imperial tent. At 9 P.M. the citizens of Hilden will greet their King and Emperor with a grand torchlight procession. On Tuesday, the manœuvres near Düsseldorf will last from 10 A.M. till 12 o'clock. At 12.30, lunch at Prince Hatzfeldt's palace, in Calcum. Back to Benrath at 2 P.M., grand dinner at 5 P.M., and performances of the Düsseldorf Choral Society at 6 P.M. On Wednesday the Emperor will devote his time to State matters till 4.30 P.M., when he will leave for Düsseldorf, and be festally entertained by the Municipality at 5 P.M. At 9 P.M. he will drive through the illuminated town, and return to Benrath at 9.30 P.M. On Thursday the morning will be devoted to the first day's manœuvres of the 13th and 14th Divisions till 2.45 P.M. At 4.30 the Emperor gives a dinner to the heads of the Municipality, leaves Beurath at 6.30, honours the Düsseldorf Artists with his presence at their festival till 10 P.M., and returns to Benrath. On Friday, second review of the 13th and 14th Divisions from 8 A.M. till 3 P.M. At 5 P.M. a select dinner-party. At 6 P.M. performances of the Elberfeld and Crefeld Choral Societies. On Saturday, review again from 8 A.M. till 1.30 P.M. *Déjeuner dinatoire* at 3 P.M., departure from Benrath at 5, arrival in Brühl at 6, and select tea at 8.30 P.M. On Sunday, divine service at 10 A.M., family dinner at 5, and performances of six choral societies at 9 P.M. On Monday, reviews from 10 A.M. till 2.15 P.M. Gala dinner at 5 P.M.; serenade of the 8th Corps d'Armée at 9 P.M. On Tuesday, excursions from 9 A.M. to 1.25 P.M.; dinner to the municipal authorities at 5 P.M. On Wednesday, the morning will be devoted again to State affairs till dinner at 4.30 P.M. At 6 P.M. the Emperor goes to Cologne for the municipal festival in his honour, and returns to Brühl at 10 P.M. On Thursday, review of the 15th and 16th Divisions from 9 A.M. till 2 P.M. Select dinner at 5; and serenade of the Wesel Choral Society at 6 P.M. On Friday, review from 8 A.M. till 2.15; select dinner at 5 P.M. On Saturday manœuvres and excursions from 8 A.M. till 2.30 P.M. At 3.30 departure from Brühl and select dinner at the Empress's in Coblence at 6 P.M. On Sunday there will be a short divine service at 9 A.M. Departure from Coblence at 10 A.M., arrival in Assmannshausen at 11.30, and thence to the festivities in the Niederwald. Dinner at Rüdesheim at 1 P.M. Departure from Rüdesheim at 2.15 *viâ* Frankfort and Heidelberg to Carlsruhe, where he arrives at 6.30 P.M., and dines with the Grand Duke. On Monday, reviews from 10.30 to 1.30. On Tuesday, ditto. On Wednesday, as usual, attendance to State affairs. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, reviews from 9 A.M. till 1 P.M. On Sunday, business with the Grand Duke, and departure from Carlsruhe at 2.30 P.M. for Darmstadt. On Monday, review of the cavalry and manœuvres carried out by General von Wichmann. On Tuesday, departure from Darmstadt at 3.30, and, *finis*, arrival at Baden at 6.30.

Terrible accounts are given of the harrowing condition in which the Turkish wounded arrived at Adrianople after the action south of the Balkans on the 29th and 30th of July. They did not arrive at Adrianople until the 2nd and 3rd of August, when the trains brought them in to the number of 900, not one of whom had had his wounds—mostly occasioned by shells—attended to in the least. A number had died on the way; and the rest were in a condition that baffled description, as may be imagined from the fact that four days had elapsed since the injuries were received. And even when they arrived at the station no preparations had been made for their reception, and they had to lie in the open for a couple of hours before conveyances could be found to transport them to the hospital. It would have been almost more merciful to have left them on the battlefield to be put to death by the Bulgarians, for most of them were already in such a state that extensive amputations were necessary, and amputations are scarcely ever performed by the Turkish surgeons—firstly, because they leave the man a useless cripple and a burden to the State; and secondly, because a mutilated Moslem is not allowed to enter Paradise. The Circassians, however, have in so far profited by Russian rule as to be able to distinguish between the duty and the neglect of the Turkish Government. One of their chiefs, Suleiman Bey, whilst lying in the scorching sun waiting for the carts, addressed one of the sleek Turkish officials, who was sauntering about counting his beads, in terms that considerably astonished that functionary: "We shed our blood for you, you dogs, and you leave our wounded to die away like this! Is it money you want to get carts? There it is, you hound!" And so saying he dashed a handful of gold into the official's face.

There is still no news of any importance to report from Armenia. The action represented as a "battle," showing decisively that the Russians are unable to oust the Turks from their position, was clearly nothing more than a demonstration to force the Turks to show their numbers and positions, both armies concealing the bulk of their forces behind the hills on which their vanguards are placed. The movement was successful, for it obliged Mukhtar Pasha to bring up the reserves in his rear which were threatening General Tergukassoff in his operations against Ismail Pasha. But although confessedly no more than a demonstration, the fighting was sufficiently severe, resulting in a loss of over 2,000 men on both sides. Assessing the value of a man at 100 roubles—not to speak of the expense of an eight hours' cannonade—there was thus a waste of 200,000 roubles, a quarter of which would have sufficed to pay a body of spies who could have procured the same information quite as accurately, if not more so. But both Russians and Turks appear to be equally badly served in this respect.

The attack by Suleiman Pasha with 40 battalions on the Schibka Pass, looks very well indeed on the posters and as a heading to the glowing accounts appearing in some of the daily papers, but, George III., as could not imagine how the apple got into the dumpling, it is hard to see how 40,000 men could be brought to the attack in a pass which does not offer a front for more than 800 or 1,000 men. It is quite impossible to believe that the attack can be more than a demonstration, for it was pointed out long ago to the Turks that their only chance of success did not lie in a surrounding movement, but in a lateral movement from west to east or east to west, cutting the Russian forces in two. The interest of the attack, if it is a real attack, lies at Osman Bazar and Selvi, and it remains to be seen whether Osman Pasha will deprive his Plevna position of sufficient troops to assure his penetration to the ground held by Mehemet Ali. It is not at all probable. It is much more likely that Suleiman Pasha, with the bulk of his forces, is advancing—or is to advance—on Tirnova and Drenova whilst Mehemet Ali covers his flank and rear. But it is most probable that at present the whole movement is no more than a series of strong tentative operations to derange the Russian dispositions and take advantage of any gap that may present itself, and possibly at the same time to distract attention from the *coup* contemplated by the Turks on the Lower Danube.

THE PREPARATIONS IN BULGARIA.

The renewed preparations which are being made by the Russians for the prosecution of the war, enable us to judge of the intended movements with the same accuracy which a similar knowledge made possible at the commencement of hostilities. It is of course as impossible for us to fix the exact date of any coming event as it is for the commanders themselves until everything is in readiness; but as no movement of any importance can be carried out before the necessary preparations are completed, and as a considerable time must elapse between the commencement and the end of these preparations, it is easy to demonstrate what the object of the preparations must be, and to determine in a general way the future course of events. Thus, we find that the information we supplied a fortnight ago, as to the collection of stores, men, and *matériel* at Piket (opposite Rahova or Oreava) and in the neighbourhood of Widdin between Citate and Kalafat, was confirmed last Thursday by the Bucharest correspondent of the *Times*, and our views then expressed regarding the strategy of the Russians in gradually drawing round Osman Pasha, and enclosing him within a living wall, entirely adopted by the *Times* in its summary of the operations. These movements are still going on, and much *matériel* and stores being collected at Turn Magurelli and Kalafat. At the same time the Roumanian Division, under General Angelescu, has moved further southwards, and occupied a strongly entrenched position on the heights, west of the river Osma, between Bulgareni and Viara; whilst the Russian troops have been moving southwards likewise, and occupying strong positions between Jugla and Devitak, north-east of Lovatz, and Brstovo, due east of the same town. These troops apparently consist of the IX. Corps d'Armée, the 32nd Division of the XI. Corps, and the 30th Division of the IV. Corps. Their place has been taken by the V. Corps and 2nd Divisions of the Guard, with part of the XI. Corps, which has been set free by General Zimmermann's relieving them through the despatch of part of the XIV. Corps to Matchin and the Lower Danube. At the same time, the XVII. and XVIII. Corps have relieved the X. Corps and as much of the VII. Corps as had not yet passed the Danube from their duty of guarding the coast in order to allow their reinforcing the army on the Lom.

These and many other details show that there is nothing to add to, or retract from, the view that the Russian commanders are determined henceforth to carry out their original plan, and not be led away by the hopes of being able to force the Turks to yield by such brilliant demonstrations as that of General Gourko's, or risk their troops in order to satisfy the critics who attributed to them the intention of finishing the war in one campaign. That those who organized the Russian forces never expected to accomplish the work of overthrowing a "great historic nation" in a few weeks was evident from the preparations made at the outset; and if the Grand Duke had not listened to the advice of too sanguine and impetuous counsellors, the Russians would probably not have attacked the Turkish positions at Plevna at all, but have remained satisfied with the successful passage of the Danube until the rest of the preparations had been carried out. What the nature of these preparations was appears from paragraph XIII. of the Russo-Roumanian Convention, in which it is stipulated that Russia shall be free to construct whatever railways in Roumania might be considered necessary; and that these railways should become the property of the Roumanian Government without any compensation after the conclusion of the war. Such a stipulation would scarcely have been concluded had the Russians imagined that they were only going to make a military promenade to Adrianople or Constantinople, nor would they have proceeded with such deliberation to block up the mouth of the Danube and construct a railway from Bender to Galatz. The stoppage of the Danube has been accomplished by sinking four vessels at the 43rd millaire from the mouth of the river, laden with 250 cubic metres of stone, so that the depth of the water has been reduced at this point to about four feet at the present height of the river. Meantime, the railway is rapidly progressing, and will be open for transit by the end of October. The line is being built by Messrs. Warschawski and Poliakoff, but will be quite of a temporary nature, the sleepers of soft wood, and the buildings and bridges of wood. The works have been commenced at several points. From Galatz the line occupies one-half of the *chaussée* as far as Reni; thence it runs *viâ* Vilkeuesti to Bolgrad and Tabaku, on the Russo-Roumanian frontier, a distance of 93 kilomètres. From Tabaku a length of about 200 kilomètres brings it, *viâ* Petrovka and Kausani, to Bender. The rails are supplied by the ironworks at Reschitza. Now the mere fact that this line has been adopted for the railway instead of the far shorter route from Birlad to Bender, *viâ* Broska, shows that the Russians were fully alive to the magnitude of the task before them, and the possible political dangers arising from hostilities on the part of the Austrians and Roumanians. By the Galatz-Bolgrad route but scarcely a third of the line is on Roumanian soil, whereas by the Birlad-Broska route nearly two-thirds would be in Roumania. And that this line was contemplated at a very early period is evident from the great accumulation of stores and *matériel*, and the erection of commodious barracks and sheds at Bender, of which we gave information as far back as last March. When to this we add that negotiations are now pending between the Russian Government and a well-known firm of engineers and contractors for the construction of bridges across the Danube which will withstand the ice, it becomes clearer than ever that Russia will strain every nerve to accomplish her object in the most thorough fashion.

But, apart from these preparations and material measures, there is a military fact which settles the question. Before the Russians had crossed the Danube, we expressed the opinion that the nature of the operations in the Dobrudja would furnish the key to the Russian plan of campaign. We pointed out that if the Russian commanders should merely make a demonstration in the Dobrudja as a feint to distract attention from operations carried on elsewhere, it would show that their intention was to accomplish a rapid campaign, and coerce the Turks into granting the Christians those privileges and immunities which had hitherto been disregarded. But, on the other hand, if the Russians should proceed to force the quadrilateral, it would be a sign that they intended to break the Moslem power in Europe for ever. The course of events now shows that the latter is the intention of the Czar. General Zimmermann is still in the Dobrudja strongly fortifying various points and receiving large supplies of siege material, ammunition, and stores to an amount which clearly proves that the invasion of this part of the country is not a temporary demonstration of the nature of a feint, nor simply a menace to the troops under Mehemed Ali at Schumla. Up to within the last three weeks it may have been doubtful what the character of his operations was; but now that it appears that extensive measures are being adopted which unmistakeably point to the continued occupation of the Dobrudja and future siege operations, it is impossible not to arrive at the conviction that the Russians are determined once for all to settle the Eastern Question. The Turks are arriving at the same conclusion, and have landed reinforcements near Kustendji, and the remainder of the Circassian expedition on the Lower Danube near Sulina, as we stated was their intention a fortnight ago. These troops are placed under the command of Hassan Pasha and Fazli Pasha, the former being entrusted with the task of facing and engaging General Zimmermann, whilst Fazli Pasha operates on the Lower Danube against Kilia and Nikolaevka, supported by the Turkish fleet under Hobart Pasha. There is reason to believe that the intended disembarkation of Turkish troops at Jibriani was frustrated in consequence of the information of the

intention given by the *Examiner*. If so, it is to be hoped that Commanders-in-Chief will confess that the irrepressible Press has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. It seems, however, certain that the Turkish fleet intends striking a blow somewhere between Sulina and Odessa, to parry which reinforcements have been despatched from Akerman to Tatar Bunar and Nikolaevka.

In Bulgaria itself there is the ominous lull before the storm bursts forth. Both sides are contenting themselves with careful reconnaissances to find out the weak points in each other's lines. Suleiman Pasha is still working about in the defiles east of Tirnova and up towards the Schibka Pass, which is still held by the Gourko division from the village of Schibka to that of Stomaneshti, a distance by road of about eleven miles. The pass can only be forced in front, though it is true that there are some lateral approaches to it connecting it with the Trjavna-Janina Pass in the east, which Suleiman Pasha will probably endeavour to avail himself of.

In the Rustzuk centre of operations, the only noteworthy movement is the passage of troops across the Danube below Rustzuk, and their advance parallel with the Lom towards Ablava.

FREE CRITICISM IN RUSSIA.

The new correspondent of the *Times* at St. Petersburg sent his first letter last week, and three more have appeared since. The extracts which he gives from the St. Petersburg newspapers, showing the freedom with which they criticise the campaign, and, above all, the freedom with which they comment upon the action of the Commander-in-Chief, are very remarkable. They do not speak of the Grand Duke Nicholas by name, the *Times* correspondent says; they hide all personalities under a national "we," to which they attribute the responsibility of errors; still, they take the liberty to be critical, and to hint very strongly at the Grand Duke's incompetence and at the mischief he does by overruling the opinions of more experienced and capable men. There seems to prevail at St. Petersburg a very general impression that the Grand Duke is to blame for the disaster of Plevna. "It is impossible," says a writer in the *Golos*, "to imagine that General Krüdener, a most prudent officer, determined to attack the enemy with the hope of driving him from his fortified positions, knowing that these positions were well fortified and defended by troops twice as numerous as his own. I call General Krüdener 'prudent;' others call him undecided, and many declare that he is not at all energetic in attacking. How came it, then, that an officer of this kind ventured on such an attack? I have not been able to get any certain explanation of the fact, for the Staff officers avoid making any communication on the subject; but it is universally believed here that the order to attack came from the head-quarters at Tirnova. General Krüdener, it is added, did not consider it possible to present his objections, and was obliged to execute the order at the first 'convenient' opportunity. The young general Michael Skobelef was likewise opposed to the idea of attacking. That fact is very significant. Those who know Skobelef declare that he never distinguished himself for prudence, and always advised vigorous action, even at great risk."

In this free criticism there is no pretence of using any impersonal "we" or other superficial disguise; it is a perfectly plain-spoken attempt to ascertain who is to blame for an injudicious and unwarrantable move. The *Times* correspondent finds that in private, military authorities take the same view of the campaign as the Press. They lay the blame in the same quarter. The following is the account of the campaign current in St. Petersburg. "In European Turkey, the campaign was begun with more caution than in Asia. Great preparations were made. The Chief of the Staff, General Nepokoitchitski, is too good a strategist and too prudent a man to embark willingly in any rash enterprise such as was attempted in Asia Minor. Unfortunately, he had not entire control of the operations. Among the superior officers were a number of men who had more of the spirit of reckless daring than strategical prudence, and who imagined that anything could be done with bravery and dash. These men used their influence with the Grand Duke to make him depart from the original plan of operations and push on as rapidly as possible to Constantinople. One young officer who enjoys the special favour of the Grand Duke is named as the chief advocate of this project and the opponent of General Nepokoitchitski. The ease and success with which the passage of the Danube was effected seemed to confirm the views of those who counselled a rapid advance, and the Commander-in-Chief fell more and more under their influence. No sooner had a comparatively small number of troops crossed the river than he pushed on to Tirnova and sent General Gourko into the Balkans. News of the disasters in Asia Minor came as a warning, but the warning was unheeded. For men in a state of exultation it was not difficult to perceive that the two cases were not analogous. The Balkans were crossed as easily as the Danube, and to many a heated imagination Constantinople and the dome of St. Sophia were already almost in sight. It was at this moment of general enthusiasm, when the cautious plans of the Chief of the Staff had fallen into discredit, that the first check at Plevna was announced at head-quarters. Irritated by this untoward incident, which formed a single discordant note in the general harmony of success, the Grand Duke gave orders to bring up reinforcements and renew the attack. Meanwhile, however, General Krüdener had made a reconnaissance, and discovered that it would be folly to attack with the troops at his disposal the strong positions held by Osman Pasha. He accordingly communicated with the Grand Duke and counselled delay, but received in reply an imperative order to advance at once, couched in terms which permitted no hesitation. The order was obeyed, and the result was the loss of a good many thousand men."

There is nothing remarkable in this view of the campaign. It is the view taken in this country by those who have had access to information of what was going on behind the scenes at the seat of war. But there is something very significant in this view being expressed with such freedom at St. Petersburg. The *Times* correspondent—who, it is no secret, is Mr. Mackenzie Wallace—remarks that the newspapers are sailing very near the wind, and this will readily be believed by those who remember how carefully every expression in which the conduct of the Czar was unfavourably criticised was obliterated by the Censorship from Mr. Wallace's 'Russia.' To understand what consequences may follow from this dissatisfaction with the generalship of a member of the Imperial family, we must keep in mind the immense political consequences of a similar dissatisfaction at the close of the Crimean War. Of course it is a long way from expressions of dissatisfaction, however free, to energetic political agitation, and the dissatisfaction itself keenly felt at a moment of repulse and enforced delay may be mollified by a brilliant ending to the campaign. But this angry criticism of the Grand Duke, even though the anger should be temporary, must be counted among the forces which "make for" the establishment of liberal institutions in Russia. The effect of the Crimean War in shaking the passive acquiescence in the all-wise ordering of things by the Czar was enormous. If a journal during that war had dared to speak with the freedom that the *Golos* is now assuming, the whole staff would have been sent to Siberia. Strict military discipline was the rule in Russia. The people were bound to accept without murmuring whatever was done for them by their official superiors; criticism was an act of insubordination to be punished with the extreme rigour of military law. It was not till this stern autocratic system had demonstrated its utter futility to preserve the nation from humiliating disaster that discontent became irrepressible. The incapability of the Government to do everything by its own wisdom

and energy was made too apparent to be borne with silent patience. The worthlessness of the drill-sergeant *régime* was proved by bitter experience, and the much-enduring people awoke from their passive obedience. For some years after the Crimean War there was a perfect carnival of free criticism. The vials of wrath were poured out especially upon the officials of the army. The word "general" became a nickname equivalent to "pompous blockhead." Nothing less than an entire reform of the administration would satisfy the new generation. Those who pleaded for gradual proceedings were derided as timid, narrow-minded, old-fashioned bigots; reforms to be effectual must be thorough and gigantic. This blazing zeal soon cooled, though not before it had achieved the tremendous feat of the emancipation of the serfs. It also carried considerable reforms in the composition of the administration. It was unable to radically change its autocratic character, and there has been a strong Conservative reaction in Russia since then. Still, it seems that the Press is resolved not to forget the tradition of free criticism then established, and apparently the Government are willing to concede the privilege. The *Daily News* correspondent reports that, pending the preparation of an official account of the battle of Plevna, the authorities have reprinted the long description which he telegraphed at the time, and which certainly was the reverse of flattering in its criticisms. This is another sign that autocracy in Russia is undergoing its inevitable transformation.

THE CROATIAN AGITATION.

The 19th of August is consecrated in Hungary to the memory of Stephen I., "the greatest of Hungarian kings," as the *Pester Lloyd* exclaims in an article devoted to the glorification not only of the ancient king, but of the political foresight and acumen of the Hungarian people and their Christian sense of right and justice. It is pointed out that when Francis I. of France and the Venetian Republic had incited Soliman to wage war against Germany, Hungary bravely took up arms against the enemy of Christendom, and with chivalrous valour saved Austria from the Mussulman invasion, conscious that the alliance of 1527 with the House of Habsburg was founded on deep Christian principles; and it is urged that though three centuries of oppression by this same House of Habsburg had grievously pained the Hungarian nation, still the events of 1848 and 1849 are as erroneously regarded as a defeat of Hungary as the events of 1859 and 1866 are erroneously regarded as a defeat of Austria, for nothing can be of advantage to the one that injures the other. And ever faithful to the Teutonic alliance, it was Hungary again that refused in 1870 to yield to the party that wished to take advantage of the French declaration of war to attack Prussia, and refused to make common cause with the political kleptomaniacs whose fingers at once begin to itch as soon as a cannon is fired anywhere. And, finally, the *Pester Lloyd* proudly points to the Christian conscience of the nation which refuses to fall in the flank of its old Moslem enemy or aid the Muscovite hordes in their wanton aggression even under condition of sharing in the spoil.

These views are, however, not quite shared by the Croats and other Slavs. The Croats are gradually arriving at the conclusion that they have been outwitted by the Hungarians, and that the promised incorporation of the military frontier with Croatia is not only as far from accomplishment as ever, but that the promise was made only to gain time, in the hope of something turning up. That something has turned up in the shape of the unexpected resistance of the Turks, and the old arrogance of the Magyar has reappeared, intensified by the feverish anxiety lest this unforeseen factor—this *deus ex machinâ* which so unexpectedly descended at Plevna—should not bear the fruits so suddenly and so temptingly exposed to their view. As the gambler, after a run of ill-luck, is suddenly re-animated by a lucky throw of the dice, and feels that there is still one chance of winning all before he loses all, so the Hungarians are now fiercely defying fate, and straining every nerve to keep their vantage ground. But the Croats' blood has also risen in proportion as they see the dangers looming ahead, and now wish to strike while the iron is hot before it is too late and the die irrevocably cast. They are thus pursuing their object in two different directions by the help of the Omladina in Servia and Montenegro. Strenuous endeavours are being made to accomplish an alliance between these two, and to induce them to undertake a combined campaign against the Turks in Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is pointed out that every available man in Turkey is now held in check by the Russians, and that Bosnia and Herzegovina are practically denuded of troops. There could be no doubt as to their success against the Turks, and, though Austria might reply by an occupation of Bosnia or Servia, still such an occupation would only be a temporary measure as regards Servia, and would ultimately result in the liberation of the two Turkish provinces, for it would be impossible for Austria to hand back Bosnia and Herzegovina to Turkey after Bulgaria had been freed by the Russians. In short, Servia and Montenegro are to break into Turkey, as the result would be either the liberation of the provinces by their exertions, or what the Croats and Slavs have so long been clamouring for—the occupation of Bosnia. This plan appears to have met with great favour at Belgrade, and would entirely correspond to the declarations of Russia that whilst she had no intention whatever of making use of the Servian army or territory, she could not undertake to forbid Servia going to war on her own account. In whatever sense, however, the Servian preparations for war may be interpreted—whether for the purpose of giving direct aid to the Russians in Bulgaria, indirectly from a military point of view by an irruption into Bosnia, or politically by forcing Austria to get into the same boat as Russia with an occupation of Bosnia—there is no doubt that the moment for action is rapidly approaching, and that Russia has renewed her old intimate relations with Servia by the appointment of M. Persiani, secretary of the Russian Embassy in Athens, to the post of diplomatic agent at Belgrade, which has been left vacant since the declaration of war by the departure of M. Kartzoff from Servia. There is no mistaking the significance of this step. Diplomatic etiquette speaks out plainly on the subject. As a vassal State of the Porte, and in the immediate vicinity of the seat of war, no official Russian agent could be appointed to Belgrade unless Servia takes up the same position to Russia as Roumania. At the same time, it appears that General Fadaieff, assisted by General Hidoroff, is at Belgrade arranging the plan of campaign, whilst Wesselitzki has arrived also at Belgrade from Cettinje together with Major Catargin, who has brought a large sum of money with him from Moscow. On Monday these gentlemen had a long interview with M. Ristich, which was followed by a Cabinet council lasting till four o'clock in the morning.

But whilst the Croats are working in conjunction with the Omladina in Servia, they are also intent on bringing matters to a head at home. Seeing the inutility of proceeding on the vague generalities of the Eastern Question to bring about a direct issue between themselves and the Hungarian Government, they have been casting about for a special peg to hang their grievances on. This has been found in the question of the railways through the Military Frontier. The question is rather complicated, and of high local interest; the gist of it is that Hungary, Croatia, and the Military Frontier have each their own views as to the course the projected railways ought to follow, and there is a corresponding jealousy between each of them. For the last two years the Hungarian Government has been negotiating with Baron Molinary, the Governor of the Military Frontier, without any result, the consequence being that the Hungarian Government made certain concessions to the Croatian Government—to which we alluded at the time—and arrived at an understanding which resulted

in the presentation of the project to the King and Emperor, and its confirmation by him. The Hungarians were highly delighted with the success of their scheme, and thought they had effectually disunited the Military Frontier people from Croatia, and pursued their pro-Turkish policy and agitation with more disregard than ever for the feelings of their Slavonic neighbours. Meantime, however, the exertions of Bishop Strossmayer, the Banus of Croatia, Baron Molinary, and Dr. Wrlich succeeded in restoring harmony, and whilst Molinary refused to take any responsibility *vis-à-vis* of the Frontier for the railway Bill, and tendered his resignation, which was refused, the Croatian Minister accused the Government of deceiving the Emperor into signing a Bill which would materially injure the interests of the Frontier, and be utterly useless to the monarchy at large. At the same time a meeting was held with the approval of the Banus and Baron Molinary at Agram, when it was decided to present a petition to the Emperor against the Bill. The Emperor refused to receive the deputation chosen to present this address, whereupon Baron Molinary advised the members of the deputation to send the address to the Emperor by the post. The address contains three demands: firstly, "that the railway question should be settled in favour of the Frontier; secondly, that as the revenue from the forests, which has been applied by his Majesty to sundry purposes, is the private property of the Frontier, it should be registered as such; and, thirdly, that the administration of the Frontier Investing Fund should be confided to a commission chosen from the inhabitants of the Frontier."

These demands practically open up the whole question of the control of the Military Frontier by Hungary, and the consequent agitation promises to assume considerable proportions. With this address the military party has thrown down the gauntlet to Hungary, and hopes to raise the popular excitement to a pitch that will enable them to lead it in whatever direction may be best calculated to ensure their success. Thus for every meeting held in Hungary in favour of the Turks, one is held in Croatia and the Frontier in favour of the Russians. At these meetings, and notably at those held in Agram, Sissek, Warasdin, and Porto Ré, not only is the establishment of a great Croat kingdom demanded, but also that of a South Slavonic Confederation. At the meeting in Crkvenitza, numbering some 6,000 persons, a resolution was passed hoping that the Russians would be successful, and demanding the incorporation of the Turkish provinces with Croatia under the sceptre of a Croatian king.

MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME.

It may be imagined that when Mr. Gladstone last year gave permission to a party of excursionists to pic-nic in the grounds of Hawarden Castle, he would have hesitated if he had foreseen all the consequences of indulging this particular mode of spending a day in the country. Few people will think that he committed any grave crime in giving admission to his visitors. He has fine grounds and good air at Hawarden, and he does not seem to have that exaggerated desire for privacy which would make the presence of a crowd of holiday-makers within sight of his windows a serious annoyance to him. Mr. Gladstone would never have been the most moving orator of his time if he had been shy and bashful, or even fastidiously averse to contact with the million. A born orator is not generally enamoured of solitude, at least when he is in full possession of his faculties. A man with Mr. Gladstone's gift of speech, who has proved his mastery over audiences of every sort, educated and uneducated, must feel pleasurable emotions at the mere sight of a gathering of human beings, apart altogether from any good-natured sympathy he may feel at seeing them enjoying an outing. Mr. Gladstone's confession that he does not agree with Wordsworth's passion for scenery unfrequented by the foot of man or the scream of railway engine will surprise no one. The heart of a man who has sympathy enough to be a great orator must be gladdened by any sound that suggests the proximity of a possible listener. The sights and sounds of energetic life are music to his ears; the screech of a railway brake even, which would set a gentle Laker swearing for half a day, is but a momentary disturbance to his equanimity. We do not suppose that Mr. Gladstone would be unspeakably disconcerted in his enjoyment of the beauties of a peaceful lake if he should suddenly encounter an encampment of excursionists, amply provided with bottles of ale and sandwiches, and waking the echoes with the strains of "Old Obadiah." To feel the full horror of such a spectacle, he must be a smaller, narrower, poorer sort of man altogether than he is.

It was not, then, love of privacy or fear of a crowd that need have caused Mr. Gladstone any hesitation when, last year, he threw open Hawarden Park to a company of excursionists. But the example of these pioneer pilgrims seems to have been infectious. It has apparently produced a general desire among Liberal associations in the north of England to make Hawarden the Mecca of English Liberalism. An association which has not pic-nic'd at Hawarden begins to think itself discredited. If this sort of thing goes on, we shall have Mr. Cook advertising an excursion to Hawarden "personally conducted." No doubt this hero-worship, as Mr. Gladstone humorously confessed, has its pleasant side. It is more satisfactory for a man to be worshipped while he is alive than after he is dead. But then the Hawarden pilgrims are not content with seeing the shrine; they must also have a speech from the saint. Now this, we can well imagine, gives Mr. Gladstone no trouble if he is not otherwise occupied; he rejoices to make a speech, as a strong man rejoices to run a race. Up to this point, Mr. Gladstone has no cause for complaint; an admiring throng wish to see his grounds and himself, he is pleased to let them; they clamour for a speech, he gratifies them without reluctance. But unfortunately it happens that there are among the crowd some strangers who are not on pleasure bent—the emissaries of our great journals, who have been sent down to really invade Mr. Gladstone's privacy by reporting what passes to the nation. It is an intrusion of which Mr. Gladstone has an undoubted right to complain that speeches delivered under such circumstances should be reported and commented on as if they were utterances made deliberately in his place in Parliament or at a public ceremony. Mr. Gladstone's recent familiar conversations at Hawarden were not adapted for general circulation as formal orations. If there is one thing more remarkable than another in Mr. Gladstone's oratory, it is the perfect way in which he catches the tone of his audience. He is too natural an orator to be capable of speaking over the heads of whatever audience he is addressing, or of striking a note out of keeping with the situation. He has himself said that the characteristic of the orator is to give back to his audience in a flood what he has received from them in a vapour; and this is as true of his addresses to the Hawarden excursionists as it is of his greatest Parliamentary speeches. He sent his visitors away pleased and happy, gratified at having heard the great orator speak, and skilfully prevented from feeling that they had "assisted" at a solemn political demonstration.

A few years ago the mere report of remarks so essentially local and private would have raised a cry that our Press was being Americanised. Now they are not merely reported, but made the subject of earnest leaders. One of our contemporaries, after making out, by an elaborately ingenious perversion of Mr. Gladstone's language, that he had dared to speak of our Indian Empire as "a trumpery interest," lectured him trenchantly on this last sad instance of his un-English character. Times have indeed undergone a sorrowful change when such a stigma can be cast upon "the People's William." Another contemporary is convinced that Mr. Gladstone's political oratory shows traces of deterioration, because in his remarks on the county

franchise he made no allusion to Mr. Goschen's speech when the subject was last under discussion in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone's "eager intellectual combativeness" is gone, because he preferred to address the excursionists from Lancashire in such hearty commonplaces as excursionists are in a humour for hearing. The journal which makes this lament over the decline of a great debater charges him also with having abandoned all sense of self-respect because his "peroration" consisted of some homely remarks about a walking-stick that had been presented to him. "I am afraid," Mr. Gladstone said, "that if anyone reads the commendatory speeches made by the gentlemen who have acted as your organs on this occasion, they will think it is all pretence on my wife's part and mine when we say we wish you to have the benefit of the fresh air and the nice scenery, and that our real motive is to hear all the kind things and all the pretty things you say of us. I am not sure, ladies and gentlemen, whether even worse might not be said; whether it might not be said that I am desirous to make a good thing out of it, for I have just had presented to me by one of your company an excellent walking-stick. I should not like to have a lick of this stick from a stout arm. It is a good one—good to look at, good to lean upon; it is light in the hand, and has all the qualities of a good stick. Ladies and gentlemen, what we have to do is to strive to be as good in our own characters and capacities as this stick is in the humble capacity it bears. Ladies and gentlemen, I bid you farewell, and heartily give you my best wishes." Because Mr. Gladstone addressed this homely humour and kindly moralising to some excursionists who had paid him a visit, he has been informed that "no language can be too severe to characterise such proceedings," and that "in a private person they would indicate absolute mental weakness." In order to display absolute mental strength, Mr. Gladstone should have haughtily repulsed the proffered gift of a walking-stick, and should have astounded his visitors by "grappling with Mr. Goschen's main objections" to the extension of the county franchise. Not having done this, having not only accepted the walking-stick, but even "perorated" about it, and having repeated "stale commonplaces" about the county franchise, instead of refuting Mr. Goschen, Mr. Gladstone has "affronted the country," and inflicted upon the *Pall Mall Gazette* "a novel sense of pain and humiliation." Such are the frightful results for which Mr. Gladstone unwittingly made himself responsible, when in his good nature he permitted excursionists to enter Hawarden Park, and so far forget himself as to make a homely speech to them. "Much may be forgiven to an ambitious politician restless under exclusion from power; but it is too severe a demand upon even his followers' indulgence that he should court popular favour by a resort to such degenerate acts as these."

TRADE DISPUTES.

In no year perhaps have trade disputes been more numerous—nor has the necessity of some machinery for their adjustment been more forcibly demonstrated—than in the present. Indeed, the points at issue in the respective trades yield in interest to the modes which masters and men have been adopting for their settlement. As in philosophy and science, so in trades unionism, the vital question is one of method. Some unionists, like those of the North of England iron-workers, exhaust every form of arbitration and conciliation before they permit themselves even to dream of extreme measures. On the other hand, the Clyde shipbuilders exhibited, until Tuesday last, the senseless and rather brutal spectacle of war without previous diplomacy. Masters and men alike appear to have been at fault. The masters locked out their men, in order, as they said, "that these constantly recurring agitations for wages should be put an end to," as if, forsooth, the repressive effects of a lock-out have ever been otherwise than temporary. The men's revenge was suicidal retaliation. The strike caused widespread distress among a population, it is supposed, of 150,000 souls. It meant loss of wages to the extent of about 200,000*l.*, and, if persevered in, might have reproduced on the Clyde the disasters which the shipbuilding trade underwent years ago on the Thames. But the policy which threatened these tragic results in the case of the north country shipwrights has assumed a positively ludicrous aspect in that of the London masons.

What are the issues between the master masons and their men? They may be reduced to one—a question of pay; for, according to the official statements on either side, the men do not offer an extra half-hour's work in the afternoon as compensation for their proposed concession of half an hour in the morning. This single question of pay, however, has branched into a variety of other questions on matters of fact, which might easily be settled by the commonsense plan of joint inquiry, but which have only served to provoke a round of flat, barren, wearisome contradiction. The masters assign dulness of trade as their reason for declining the advance from ninepence to tenpence an hour, and for proof they point to the half-million's worth of property unlet in the City, and "the streets of unoccupied houses in the suburbs." Mr. Nisbet—the men's representative—flatly contradicts Mr. Goolden—the masters' representative—on both points. Why not depute a committee-man from either side to see into the matter? Again, Mr. Nisbet asserts that nearly 100 of the London masters have already granted the extra penny. Mr. Goolden flatly contradicts this also; he has only been able to discover two firms which have made any concession of the kind. Whereupon Mr. Nisbet returns to the charge, to tell Mr. Goolden that some of the said firms—one of them employing 100 masons—are established in his (Mr. Goolden's) own street. Now, so long as both sides go on firing at each other from a distance, it will scarcely be possible to discover whether the two firms which Mr. Goolden means are the identical firms which Mr. Nisbet means. If they are not, Mr. Goolden might just as well put his hat on, walk out for a few minutes, and see. But in justice to the men it must be admitted that they have produced figures which, if correct, are fatal to the masters' contention on the subject of pay. They infer, from the amount of their weekly "levy," that only about 1,000 of the 1,700 who went out on strike are now unemployed; and re-employment implies the concession of the extra penny, not perhaps on the part of every one of Mr. Nisbet's 100 firms, but certainly on that of a considerable number of them. Mr. Nisbet even goes the length of offering an infallible list of the 100 firms to any intelligent young man whom the editor of the *Times* may select for the delicate task of verification, and on the condition that the young man shall not in any way be connected with the enemy. Why not cut the matter short by producing the list before a joint committee of masters and men? The rival method contains an unworthy, miserable element of suspicion. It is as inconsistent with reasonable hopes of the Millennium as that melancholy device and necessity of political diplomacy the "Cipher Department." Once more. The masters argue that the other building trades are as much incommoded as the masons are by the want of early trains, and that a half-hour's absence of the masons implies a corresponding period of idleness on the part of their co-workers. The first assertion is met by another of Mr. Nisbet's flat contradictions; while the second, it appears, wanders from the point. For the last two summers, workmen travelling by the Metropolitan line have begun work at half-past six—"the plumbers never before seven." "The strike has now (August 21) lasted three weeks, and the other trades have continued to work without the masons for the whole of that time." And, finally, to make confusion worse confounded, a number of masters and men met together last Saturday at Clerkenwell Green to give an emphatic contradiction to some of the official statements published by their respective sides. The Clerkenwell men professed their willingness to work the half-hour in the afternoon. Here, at last, is one step towards a

common understanding. Another, supposing the "levy" returns to be correct, and the arguments founded upon them conclusive, is the concession of the extra penny by all, or some, of the 100 firms. After this, what is there to fight about? Unless Messrs. Nisbet and Goolden take counsel together, they may yet be seen cannonading each other at long range, and lamenting the fate of their respective fellow-combatants, long after the strike is over and gone. The masons, we are sorry to say, have long enjoyed an unenviable notoriety among trade unionists for pugnacity and pigheadedness combined. Their resolution, taken six months in advance, to demand concessions in pay and time, was a step hardly justified by their knowledge of trade movements, or the degree of their liking for any serious study of the subject. On the other hand, the masters appear to have blundered over the dispute no less hopelessly than the men. In fact, as regards preference for arbitration, the latter appear in a much more favourable light than their employers. At one time the men's representatives suggested to the masters' sub-committee that a basis for arbitration should be agreed upon. The sub-committee, however, had no power to settle anything.

The advantages of arbitration have lately received a pleasant illustration in the case of the north of England ironworkers, who, in concert with their employers, formed their first Board nearly ten years ago. On the ground of an alleged depression of trade, the ironmasters proposed to reduce wages by 10 per cent. They showed that there had been a falling off, to the extent of about 29 per cent., in the finished iron trade generally, average prices having fallen from 7*l.* 16*s.* to 6*l.* 17*s.*, and the iron rail manufacture having almost vanished. Their case appeared a very strong one. The men, nevertheless, made out a case equally strong, and they debated it—through their trusted representatives—in admirable taste and temper. They contended that the decline in prices was balanced by reduced cost of manufacture, and in iron rails by increased demand for steel rails. It does not appear that they threatened to strike, but they quietly affirmed that, even granting the masters' statements, they would be compelled to emigrate in the event of a reduction of wages, which had already reached starvation point. Finally, the arbitrators on both sides agreed to refer the subject to Mr. Dale, according to whose award no change can be made in the rate of pay before next March. The umpire has expressly warned the men against the supposition that an upward tendency in the trade will necessarily be accompanied by an increase in wages; and judging from the honourable and manly conduct of the ironworkers in the past, we may feel assured that they would loyally agree to any arrangement whereby the masters might profit, to a reasonable extent, from an improved demand. In no trade, perhaps, has the arbitration system been more severely tested than in the great industry of northern England. Under various awards the rate for puddlers' wages arose from 8*s.* a ton in 1869 to 13*s.* in 1873, since which time it has gradually fallen to 8*s.* 3*d.* In these eight years masters and men have had their turn of victory and defeat. The example of the ironworkers has probably told on the Clyde operatives and masters, who have agreed to resume work on the old conditions, pending an arbitration to whose terms both sides have unconditionally pledged themselves to adhere. It is to be hoped that the dispute in the nut and bolt trade may have an equally successful termination under the proposed umpireship of Mr. Chamberlain. In short, the moral to be derived from a survey of recent strikes is a very obvious and simple one. Get a few delegates from either side to look each other in the face, compare notes, and discuss them in a fair spirit; give them absolute power to settle the dispute by the vote of the majority, or by reference to an umpire, or in any other way they please; and you diminish the chances of strife indefinitely. Such, at all events, is the unquestionable experience of every single trade in which the experiment has been honestly tried.

CLERICAL FELLOWSHIPS.

When it was announced a year and a half ago that Ministers were about to propound for the consideration of the Legislature a scheme of academical reform, the announcement was regarded with mild curiosity by politicians who saw in it the sign of another attempt to dish the Whigs, with a very languid interest by the country at large, with disinterested enthusiasm for those engaged in the "research for endowments," and with watchful jealousy by those who had a real interest in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and an accurate knowledge of their condition and requirements. But the parturition of mountains is proverbially unproductive, and the reforming enthusiasm of the eminent Minister who presides over our greatest dependency and our most ancient place of education resulted in handing over the fortunes of the two Universities to the tender mercies of two Commissions, of which one was so eccentrically composed that Mr. Lowe seemed almost to be performing a work of supererogation in holding it up to the ridicule of the House of Commons. In the course of 1876 the Universities Bill disappeared, to the satisfaction of many and the regret of none, and at the beginning of last Session it reappeared in two parts, one Minister of the Crown being apparently not thought equal to the task of conducting two exactly similar measures through the Lower House. The Oxonian Commission had greatly gained in influence and respectability by the loss of the Dean of Chichester, but otherwise there was no material alteration in the proposals of the Government. But since the previous Session the Liberal party had taken up the matter, and had discovered one point of urgent importance to the advocate of academical reform. One of the closest divisions of the Session was taken on an amendment moved by Mr. Goschen, which provided that, subject to the due maintenance of religious worship and instruction in the colleges, no Fellowships should in future be held on condition of entering the clerical profession. The House of Commons, by a majority of eight, decided that the interests of religion and learning were suitably promoted by offering to young men of twenty-three a substantial pecuniary inducement to become nominal ministers of the gospel. Lord Granville's gallant attempt to show that the Lords were more liberal than the Commons in other matters than the burial of Dissenters was defeated by a majority of thirty-eight, after a remarkable speech from the Chancellor of Oxford. Lord Salisbury, with that cynical frankness which sits far more easily upon him than his occasional outburst of religious fervour, exhorted their lordships to consider not their own enlightened opinions on the question before them, but the superstitious prejudices, for which he hardly concealed his contempt, of the average paterfamilias. We hope that the bulk of the middle-class is flattered to find its intelligence unfavourably compared with the rarefied intellect notoriously characteristic of the British peer. The Bishop of Oxford, in the same debate, while voting with Lord Granville, pleaded for the maintenance of Fellowships for chaplains and lecturers in divinity, on the curious ground that mere holy orders and theological employment could not be expected to insure esteem without the addition of purely temporal and worldly honours. A position which is supported by such arguments as these, and which nearly equally divides a Conservative House of Commons, cannot be held much longer, but to hasten its final abandonment is a task exceedingly well suited for the efforts of the Liberal Press.

Perhaps the most astounding peculiarity of Clerical Fellowships is that they should be supported by persons who profess, and must be assumed to feel, a desire to support the Christian religion. For surely if a certain personage whose position has been much weakened by modern scepticism had set himself, in the plenitude of his power, to devise a scheme for subjecting the Church to treachery from within and contempt from without, it would have been difficult for him to pursue his object more effectively than by associating in the minds of the

devout and of the profane a determination to enter the most sacred of professions with a willingness to accept a valuable sinecure. For it should be carefully borne in mind that a Clerical Fellowship implies no obligation to discharge or to undertake any clerical function whatever. A Clerical Fellow may pass his time in gambling at Monaco, or in frequenting races, or in commenting on Aristophanes, or in doing nothing at all. He need not even wear a distinctive dress, and may be to all intents and purposes a layman. Of course he often devotes himself with single-minded zeal to the duties of his profession, as do a far larger number of clergymen without such extraneous aid. But we ask any candid and unprejudiced person how many ministers of the English Church have been enabled to do valuable work simply by the aid of this anomalous system. On the other hand, to those who know the Universities, the Church cannot but be discredited by the fact that rewards supposed to be given for learning and intelligence are readily obtained by many who profess a call to preach the gospel, and who, without such call, or rather without such profession, would find their mental attainments of far less marketable value. This conspicuous antithesis between orthodoxy and intellect can hardly afford pleasure to any thoughtful Churchman. Mr. Mackonochie, in a remarkable essay, has lately contended that the triumphs of Christianity were won and the progress of Christianity secured by men who renounced the prizes of the world. Mr. Mackonochie's most vehement opponent would hardly assert that respect for the ministers of the Established Church is inculcated or increased by bribing them to profess the worship of God, and encouraging them to practise the worship of Mammon. Erasmus, in his 'Praise of Folly,' makes his heroine describe herself as a frequent attendant on the conferences of theologians, and as deriving much edification therefrom. Few of her experiences, we should imagine, could have been more entertaining than the speech of a gentleman who, though not known to be a theologian, represents for some unexplained reason the University of Oxford, when defending Clerical Fellowships in the House of Commons against the reckless onslaught of that anti-theological iconoclast, Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Hardy's blustering incoherence appropriately closes the serious defence of this odd *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*.

For an *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ* it is. There is another side to all this. Whether or not the Church chooses to cling to an obsolete and degrading privilege, the English people have pretty well made up their mind that such prerogatives must go, even if they take the Establishment itself with them. Oxford and Cambridge have been publicly recognised by the Test Act of 1871 as national institutions administering national property, and the recent judgment of the Queen's Bench Division in the case of Hertford College has shown that that statute is more extensive in its operation than many of its supporters believed. It is not to the public interest that young men should receive the offer of a competency on condition that they shall enter no profession but one, without any security that they shall seriously enter even that. Nor let anyone say that there is no practical grievance. At Oxford, during the year 1876, nine Fellowships were awarded of which eight were clerical and one was lay. In other words, 38·8 per cent. of the substantial rewards given by the Oxford Colleges for information and ability are bestowed upon a body of students from which have been eliminated all who do not desire to be ministers of one religious sect. This, we venture to repeat, is a state of things to which the country will not much longer submit. It is for the Church to consider whether she will enjoy yet a little longer an unjust and unprofitable privilege, or whether, by at once surrendering it, she will confront the people in a more favourable position when they at length awaken from the political lethargy, in the course of which, as Lord Beaconsfield observed, a good many things have happened, including his own elevation to power and the election of Dr. Kenealy for Stoke-upon-Trent.

SEASIDE SANITATION.

Tenby, one of the pleasantest little places in all South Wales, is at present boiling over with indignation, and were the Registrar-General, or any of his officials, or, worse, an assistant medical officer of the Local Government Board, to show himself in the town, it is difficult to say what might not befall him. In the returns of the Registrar-General for the second quarter of the present year four seaside places were picked out as being exceptionally unhealthy. The test taken was the death-rate, and against Tenby it was alleged that its mortality from scarlet fever was unprecedentedly large. Somehow or other, we seem to fancy that we have heard this complaint before. Three or four years ago Tenby figured in Dr. Simon's reports as being badly drained, with a deficient and occasionally polluted water-supply, and with a fish-market where a large amount of offal and animal refuse was collected together. The present charge, however, is more specific, and the good folk of Tenby have set gallantly to work to refute it. According to their own explanation, the term Tenby, as it appears in the books of the Registrar-General, comprises a large area, including several outlying parishes, and in one of these, Carew, five out of the seven deaths from scarlatina, which figured in the Registrar-General's reports, are alleged to have occurred. Carew, the people of Tenby want us to believe, is unhealthy enough. Tenby itself is beyond reproach, and we may send our families there, or go there ourselves, without the least anxiety. This is all very well; but when Ucalegon's house takes fire it begins to be time for us to move our own goods, and when a business man has sent his wife and children to the seaside for a couple of months, and finds, on the authority of the Registrar-General, that the mortality from scarlet fever in the place is about twenty times what it ought to be, it is scanty consolation to be told that the fever is raging, not in the place itself, but only in a village a quarter of a mile off. The indignation of the Tenby hotel proprietors and lodging-house keepers is of course natural enough. It prejudices a place very much if it gets a reputation as being unhealthy, and so well is this understood that the daily papers carefully suppress any mention of the sanitary condition of the larger watering-places in which they have anything like a sale. If we want to know the truth about Scarborough or Ramsgate, or Margate or Brighton, we must go to the very fountain-head. However adverse the reports of the Registrar-General may be, there is not a paper in England, except the *Times*, that has the courage to publish them. That Tenby should be somewhat behind the age in sanitary matters can easily be understood by anyone who has visited it. It is a quaint, old-fashioned little place, the population of which has grown more rapidly than the necessary accommodation; the drainage is perceptibly bad; there are a large number of cesspools, some disused and closed up, but none the less potent for mischief, and others in full use; while a very large proportion of the water used for drinking and household purposes is drawn from ordinary surface wells. It is a pity that these defects should exist, for a prettier little watering-place could hardly be imagined. It is a sort of Welsh Clovelly, and only needs capital and enterprise to develop it.

Unfortunately, Tenby is by no means the only seaside watering-place where the ordinary laws of sanitary science are put at defiance. It is a superstition with Londoners that it is necessary for the health of the children to spend a certain number of weeks each year at the seaside. This would be well enough if seaside houses were as well constructed and arranged as are houses in London. Houses of a better class in London are, as a rule, carefully built; the drains are well trapped and ventilated; the sewage arrangements are reasonably good, and the water-supply is abundant, although it is open to improvement in quality. At the seaside towns which have of late years sprung up, the houses have been built by speculative builders who have scamped their work. The drainage is abominable, the

water is insufficient in quantity and bad in quality, the soil is honeycombed with cesspools, and the whole condition of the place is only too often such that, if a serious epidemic were to break out, the population would, beyond all doubt, be simply decimated. We are not now speaking of little places like Tenby, but of the larger and better-known places of summer resort. Ramsgate, for instance, might be supposed to be a fairly well managed town. It has an active local board, and its residents are interested in the prosperity of the place, and do the best they can to protect visitors. Admittedly, however, the water-supply of Ramsgate is miserably deficient, and in summer time, when visitors are numerous, some old and disused wells are pressed into service, that furnish a brackish supply, more or less contaminated with sewage, and generally known as "Ramsgate mixture." Margate is even worse off. It is undermined with a perfect rabbit-warren of old drains and sewers, disused, but not filled up, through which, whenever there is a high tide, the liquid sewage bursts up, and occasionally floods the basement storey. In similar places, such as Paignton in Torbay, New Quay, Dawlish, Broadstairs, Bournemouth, and Aberystwith, these grievances present themselves in an exaggerated shape. Dawlish is a typical instance. Its sewage is emptied into a little stream which runs through the town down into the sea. Its water-supply is, or used to be, drawn from the same source. Were typhoid once to break out in Dawlish, it would sweep through the little town like a hurricane. There are, however, few seaside places which are not in the same dangerous condition. As for the faults of the ordinary lodging-house, they are patent, not only to the eye, but to the nose, and occasionally to the taste. The drains communicate directly with the cistern, and the drinking-water is perceptibly tainted with sewer-gas. Water for flushing is altogether out of the question. In the garden there is a luxuriant cluster of lilac bushes, betraying the existence of a closed cesspool, which, on a hot day, betrays its own existence by an unmistakeable effluvium. The whole house has evidently been run up by some speculative builder, the walls are only two bricks in thickness, and the plumbing, trapping, and drainage generally has been shamefully scamped.

The difficulty is to see how this state of things is to be remedied. Obviously we cannot expect seaside places to double or quadruple their taxes for the benefit of their summer visitors. The marine lodging-house keeper regards the summer excursionist as a sort of Egyptian who exists only to be despoiled. If you tell him that his town is unwholesome, badly drained, and supplied with tainted water, his very logical retort is that you need not come to it unless you like, and that if you come you must take such accommodation as you can get, and be thankful for it. There is too much truth in the answer. Tenby, for instance, is a miserably poor little place, whose inhabitants live in the winter by fishing and working in the Pembroke dockyards, and in the summer by letting lodgings. It would be simply unreasonable to expect Tenby to retain Mr. Bramwell and Sir Joseph Bazalgette, and to carry out under their advice a complete system of main drainage and pure water-supply. The Tenby people themselves are content with matters as they are, and if visitors do not like the place they can go somewhere else and there will always be someone to supply their place. At Brighton and other such large towns there is very often a wealthy resident population which takes matters into its own hands. Brighton, indeed, is as well drained and lighted, and as well supplied with pure water, as are the best parts of London. Smaller places must, we are afraid, be taken as they are. The only thing the visitor can do is to exercise ordinary care and precaution; to look over his lodgings before he takes them; to take down a large filter with him; to make private inquiries of the chief resident medical man, and to bear in mind that he is almost certainly living under unhealthy conditions. The bright blue sky, the bright blue sea, the yellow sands, and the creamy waves on the beach are pleasant and lovely enough; but up in the little crowded streets of the cramped little town death only too often lurks. Even if the lodgings which we take have not been previously occupied by a family recovering from scarlatina they are as probably as not a little fever trap in themselves, so constructed that, according to all ordinary principles of aerostatics, the sewer-gas must inevitably find its way into the bedrooms, and the leakage from the drains contaminate the well. For those who have money, and can afford to live in a first-class hotel, these troubles have no existence. Happier still are the few whose fortune permits them to reside on board their own yacht. For the middle-classes, the sole mode of escape from the dangers of the present state of things will be the construction of a marine town on the model of Dr. Richardson's Hygeiopolis. There is no reason whatever why a town should not be built somewhere on the coast, within easy access of London, with scientifically-arranged drainage and water-supply—a town, in short, which for business purposes should be one large hotel. The competition such a place would occasion would put the old-established seaside towns upon their mettle, and before long it would come to be considered a scandal to a fashionable watering-place if solid sewage were visible to the naked eye in its ordinary drinking water. Meantime we are afraid that the best we can do is to take such seaside accommodation as we can get, and to be thankful that it is no worse.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT PLYMOUTH.

The ordinarily busy aspect of Plymouth has, during the past ten days, been increased by the sudden desire for wisdom, or at least for its appearance, developed in the population. Merchants, tradespeople, clergymen, Plymouth Brethren, solid-looking Quakers and neat Quakeresses, strong-minded women, gracious ladies from Canada and America, have all been gathered together in a humming swarm, to listen, or try to listen, to the words spoken for the advancement of science by professors and magnates assembled from various parts of the world. The performances, if one may use such an irreverent term, opened on Wednesday in last week, with the inaugural address, delivered in the Guildhall by the president, Dr. Allen Thomson. It was remarked with some bitterness by some members of the Association that the audience was unusually small, but in this there was room, among the audience at least, for rejoicing, as the Plymouth Guildhall has been built with a strict disregard for ventilation and acoustics. The general effect of the building is handsome, but people are beginning to find out that beauty may be dearly purchased at the price of stuffiness. Even as things were, on the night of the opening address, when the hall, though not crammed, might fairly be called full, one sometimes felt inclined to exclaim with poor Saunders Skelp, in 'The Cruise of the *Midge*,' "Lord! but it's chokey!" Possibly such discomfort as there was would have been less felt if the President's speech had been of a nature calculated to arrest general attention, instead of a discourse on a special subject, which has been recognised by the learned in such matters as masterly, but was far too technical for the comprehension of the majority. There was consolation, however, for this in the fact that it was easy enough to understand the drift of the other speeches made on the occasion. The Mayor of Plymouth did, indeed, get somewhat mixed in his classical allusions, but it was patent to that useful creature "the meanest capacity" that he, like the other speakers, was urged by a fear that men of science might reach too high, that their tower of knowledge might topple down like that of Babel, and that the punishment for their presumption might overwhelm the guilty and the innocent in a common ruin. Of course the stock "thus far shalt thou go and no further," was quoted by one of the speakers, who, however, with a charming consistency, added that we ought all to be thankful to the men who are constantly engaged in trying to go further.

It is gratifying to record the fact that no signal vengeance has as yet overtaken the members of the British Association, although punishment of some kind may be said to have been meted out to them. This, however, might be regarded as the penalty for attempting to mingle sheer amusement with grave matters of science, rather than the consequence of too much daring. On Saturday last the business of the various sections was by common consent suspended in favour of an excursion, among others, to H.M.S. *Cambridge*, to be combined with other excursions to Saltash, to the Breakwater, and to the Eddystone. The idea of rolling three separate expeditions into one was not happy, and the discomfort and disappointment resulting from it were only the natural result of a total want of management and organisation. There were plenty of people who were anxious to see the gunnery and torpedo practice on board the *Cambridge*, and did not care particularly about the other expeditions, and there were many who wished to go on these, and had little interest in big guns, and there were some who would have liked to accomplish the task, impossible under the circumstances, of satisfactorily combining all three. However, no opportunity for division was given; everybody was carried off to the *Cambridge* before they could go anywhere else, and, as might have been expected, the result of this was an immense deal of overcrowding. Three ships were placed at the disposal of members of the Association, but whoever was responsible for issuing the tickets had not thought of the simple precaution of providing for the number of passengers which each was to carry according to its size. On the morning of the expedition, everyone happened to be possessed of secret intelligence that the *Harpy* would carry Sir William Thomson and his deep-sea sounding apparatus, and, not unnaturally, everyone was desirous of getting on board the *Harpy*. The rush, which was the result of this general desire, was a powerful illustration of the popular fallacy that an English crowd is the best behaved in the world. There is, no doubt, much truth in this, as far as it applies to a mob or a political meeting; but it is completely false as regards what may be called peaceable crowds. The scene of selfish and violent hustling and struggling which occurred among the well-dressed people who made a rush for the *Harpy* would be scarcely possible under similar circumstances on the Continent. One of the local papers observed that "the only wonder was that there were no accidents," and with this statement we are disposed completely to agree. The accompanying assertion, that in the end everyone was highly delighted, is more open to question. With one part, however, of the business it was possible to be completely pleased. The smartness and accuracy of the gun and ambulance drill on board the *Cambridge* were things very well worth seeing. An electric broadside of six and a-half ton guns produced an impressive effect; and in the practice at small targets, which was singularly good, it was very pretty to see the shot flying through the air and making ducks and drakes on the water. The shivering of a boat, by means of a fixed torpedo fired from the ship, into splinters, which looked like so many matches hurled up on a column of foam; and the firing of two star torpedoes, which brought up a quantity of black mud from the bottom, gave a good notion of a power which is said to have changed the whole aspect of naval warfare. The expeditions which followed the practice on board the *Cambridge* were, as we have above said, in great measure spoilt by the fact that whoever was responsible for their management had neglected the consideration of such things as time and space being in existence. It might be interesting if it were possible to discover how many of the people who made an insane rush for the *Harpy* had any interest in, or knowledge of, Sir William Thomson's experiments, and how many were drawn by the vague attraction of a great name and the excursion-fever to which the constitution of the British public is constantly open. Two days before these expeditions, the Guildhall was filled with what has been described as "a brilliant conversazione." There was no doubt something brilliant in the spectacle of the Mayor in full dress holding a *levée*, as if he were the Prince of Wales, and afterwards parading the rooms preceded by three mace-bearers; but in other respects, the conversazione was exactly like other gatherings of the same kind.

EARL RUSSELL'S BIRTHDAY.

It does not seem to admit of much dispute that a man's birthday is the day of his birth, and in most companies anyone trying to get up an argument on the point would be promptly suppressed as a disputatious nuisance. Yet there has been a long correspondence in the *Times* lately concerning the birthday of Earl Russell, in the course of which it has been maintained as a serious proposition, not to be contested by anyone acquainted with the ordinary usage of the English language, that the day on which a man is born cannot properly be called his birthday. Indeed, there have been so many conflicting statements concerning the veteran statesman's birthday, that some perplexed readers of the *Times* have been driven to the conclusion that he was never born at all. First the *Times* quoted from a contemporary a paragraph to the effect that Sunday the 5th of August was his lordship's eighty-fifth birthday. Next a correspondent with a turn for arithmetic wrote to say that, as Earl Russell was born in 1792, Sunday the 5th must be his eighty-sixth and not his eighty-fifth birthday. A second correspondent, signing "Clapham Park," wrote contemptuously in reply to this, saying that, if the first correspondent were not a very ignorant person, he would see that, although Earl Russell was born in 1792, Sunday the 5th was still his eighty-fifth and not his eighty-sixth birthday, because the word "birthday" implied the idea of an anniversary. According to this view, a man's first birthday is not the day of his birth but the first return of the day of his birth. We are inclined, after mature consideration, to differ from this ingenious grammarian, but we must do him the justice to admit that he has raised a very subtle point in regard to the usage of the word, over which a body of grammarians might dispute for weeks, and write many pages of delicate considerations without coming to a conclusion. There could not be a better illustration of the confusion into which merely human and not inspired analytical minds fall when they try to determine the exact meaning of a word.

The secret in the case of most interminable debates about words is, that the words in dispute are really used in two different senses. A moment's reflection will show that the word "birthday" has two distinct applications. When you say that a man's "birthday" falls on the 5th of August, 1877, it is quite clear that you do not mean the day on which he was born. A day once past never returns; the day on which he was born is numbered among the things that were. What you mean is that the day in the calendar on which he was born, the anniversary of the day of his birth, falls the 5th of August, 1877. When, therefore, "Clapham Park" contends that the word "birthday" implies the idea of an anniversary, he is quite right. In fact, the word "day," used in the sense of date, implies the idea of an anniversary; it does not mean a particular point of time which comes and goes to return no more, but the recurrence of a particular point in the division of a year. But if "Clapham Park" imagined that he had settled the question whether the recurrence of the day of a man's birth after he had lived eighty-five years was to be called his eighty-fifth or his eighty-sixth birthday, by simply declaring that the word "birthday" implied the idea of an anniversary, he has a very inadequate conception of the difficulty of determining so abstract and impalpable a thing as the meaning of a word, simple as it appears to the plain understanding. Granting that the word "birthday" implies the idea of an anniversary, it is still open to be argued, we hesitate to say that it is obvious, that a man's first birthday is the day on which he is born, and consequently that the 5th of August, 1877, is the eighty-sixth birthday of a man born on the 5th of August, 1792. The day of his birth is an anniversary

entirely irrespective of him. The day on which he was born is the anniversary of a particular date in the calendar. When it comes round again a year after, it is not his first birthday, but his second, that is, it is the second time that this particular day has come round in the calendar and found him in existence. Then, it may be asked, when a man dies, does he cease to have a birthday? But the brain reels at the suggestion of this further difficulty, and we must be content with having partially satisfied ourselves at one sitting that a man's first birthday is the first day of his existence.

The correspondence in the *Times* respecting Earl Russell's birthday did not end with the perplexing dogma flung at the public by "Clapham Park." Apparently he overbore all resistance and silenced all objectors upon that particular point. But another was soon raised. Somebody wrote to the *Times* to say that he was in the habit of sending a present every year to Earl Russell on his birthday, and that it fell not on the 5th, but on the 19th of August. This was a comparatively bare and unimportant matter of fact, but presently there was metal more attractive for the connoisseur in fine distinctions. Mr. Herbert Chancellor wrote to the *Times* to say that "on Monday, the 20th, Earl Russell will commence or be 'in' his eighty-sixth year—since his lordship will have lived exactly eighty-five years on Sunday, August 19, 1877." Apparently Mr. Chancellor is as convinced as "Clapham Park" was about the meaning of "birthday." It does not seem to have entered his mind that there can be a doubt as to a new year in Earl Russell's life commencing on Monday, when his birthday falls on Sunday. But indeed it is a question which has already been discussed and settled as far as logic can settle it by Dr. Ingleby in connexion with the age of Shakespeare. Several pages are devoted to the subject in Dr. Ingleby's recent volume, 'Shakespeare, the Man and the Book,' and the conclusion is reached that a man's birthday must be taken as the first day of a new year in his life, and not the last day of a completed year. Professor de Morgan held exactly the opposite, but there is no getting over the fact that, unless a man's birthday is to be taken as the beginning of a year of his life, the same day must occur twice in his first year. Mr. Chancellor is perfectly right in maintaining that December 31, 1900, will be in the nineteenth and not in the twentieth century, but that is a different question from the one that he raises. If he is right in the system of notation which he applies to Earl Russell's life, then January 1, 1901, would also be counted in the nineteenth century. To such strange results are people conducted by force of logic when not content with using words in a loose way as simple folk do, they rush in and attempt to settle plain-looking but really very insidious questions of meaning with one trenchant stroke of what they believe to be common sense.

RUBENS.

When the lion and tiger of Æsop were fighting over their prey, the fox stepped in and carried off for himself the contested prize. In very much the same manner Antwerp has acted with regard to the great question of Rubens' birthplace. Leaving Cologne and Siegen to fight out the question between themselves, the city by the Schelde takes, as it were, the matter into her own hands, by giving a Rubens Festival on a colossal scale, in honour of the 300th anniversary of the great painter's birth, and, so to speak, settles her right to him by firing off many cannon and lighting forests of Chinese lanterns. After all, it is a matter of very little moment where Rubens was actually born, so long as the works of his life remain with us. It is of course interesting to have pointed out in Florence where Michel Angelo was born, or in what house the poet of the "Vita Nuova" and the "Divina Commedia" first saw the light, but association has so much to do with the pleasure, that it would be, on the whole, preferable to keep to these old spots than to have some sapient antiquarians come and prove to their own satisfaction that the house known as Dante's never felt the pressure of an Alighieri footstep, and that the Michel Angelo mansion belonged to someone else. To the world at large it would make no difference, and the houses would continue to be pointed out as the dwelling-places of the greater Florentine poet and the great Florentine painter to the end of the chapter. In much the same way, Antwerp, if even Peter Paul Rubens were not, in point of fact, born within its limits, still remains the city with which his name is indissolubly and eternally connected; and anything beyond that is matter of but little importance.

There can be little doubt that the festivities that have been going on for the last few days in the chief town of the Polder land, and that will last on until Monday next, are of a nature to gladden the joyous heart and please the exuberant fancy of the great Flemish painter, were his ghost permitted to "breathe the vital air" in Antwerp once again, and behold all its worthy burghers have done to do him or rather themselves honour. The thunderous homage of the cannons to the heavens, the brilliant lights, the glowing decorations, the gaily costumed historical procession, the speeches, the inaugurations, the ceremonies, all these would be gratifying to the luxurious taste of the painter who perhaps more than all others before or since succeeded in getting so much good out of the world, and so many substantial honours. For Rubens is not of the Bohemians of art, whom a tardy admiration reaches after they themselves are dust, and their souls doubtless as safely with the saints as those of Coleridge's good knights. On the contrary, his life was heaped high with success of all kinds; fame and fortune alike were largely his; he was the friend, counsellor, and favourite of princes, and it is hardly to be wondered at that when the Fates were so liberal to him he should have been gratefully liberal to humanity upon his canvasses. The facts of Rubens' life—the great question of his birthplace always excepted—are familiar to everyone. We know how like so many other artists his wish to become a painter was opposed to the intention of his family, how he rapidly surpassed all his masters, how success came to him early, how he loved Italy and Titian, played a prominent part in diplomacy, married two wives—Elizabeth Brant and Helena Forman, both beautiful women — and finally died of gout, the illness of the opulent, in 1640. But if his life may be thus rapidly glanced at and dismissed, his work cannot be so briefly treated. Rubens' position in art is one of great importance. Possessed in his pictures of an absolute individuality which remained unimpressed or rather unaltered by his studies of Italian art, he founded a school that effected a sort of revolution in art. His paintings have in them the glorification of success, of animal perfection carried to an almost extravagant exuberance, of a life that was one long triumph, of a nature that revelled in excess of form and colour. It might be not unfairly said of Rubens that he was a sort of vulgarised Titian. With all his power he was utterly devoid of poetry; as a painter of religious subjects he is utterly wanting in religious feeling. It is in pictures like the "Rape of the Sabines" that he excels, where a confused delight of splendid colour and suggestion of splendid form is all that is wanted, and the want is answered most absolutely and admirably. So, too, in the portraits of his beautiful wives, the substantial goddesses of his ideality, he is in his own domain in art, but in all things else he is only "the greatest master of the mechanical part," as Sir Joshua Reynolds called him, and the master of his colour. He was possessed of mechanical gifts that, had they been combined with the genius of a Leonardo, a Titian, or a Raphael, would have made him perhaps the greatest painter of the world. As it is, he is the greatest of Flemish colourists, the master of Flemish form. His "Judgment of Paris" is a magnificent flesh-study, but from the presiding Hermes down to the pecking peacock, with its absurd expression, it has nothing to do with Homer or Hellas, or anything else but an exhibition of largely-made Low-country women from different

points of view. His religious pictures, the pride and glory of Antwerp, take rank justly among his masterpieces, but they have less religious feeling in them than in a single finger of Orcagna. The famous "Descent from the Cross" is in its way unrivalled; every figure, from the man who grips the cloth with his teeth and clutches with his right hand the left arm of the dead body to stay it from falling, to the three women at the foot of the cross, is a great study, and the "Scourging of Christ" is a masterpiece of painful punishment, but they seem hardly more akin to the themes they represent than do the Scripture pictures of Gustave Doré. The mass of struggling figures and startled horses in his "Conversion of Saul" is grandly given, but its grandeur owes nothing more to its subject than any other scene of frightened steeds and riders would have afforded. There was great truth in Fuseli's observation that Rubens "levelled his subject to his style, but seldom, if ever, his style to his subject." But with all that may be said against him, with all the execrations of a Blake or the changing caprice of fashion, Rubens remains a great painter whom it is but natural and just that his native town delights to honour to-day.

Whether these celebrations are in themselves things to be rejoiced in or approved of is another matter. They certainly would not be found to answer in England; and the idea of a great festival in London in honour of the memory of Hogarth, or a Turner celebration, with cannon firing and flags flying, seems too incongruous or impossible to be worthy of a moment's consideration. But all nations have not, like ourselves, that indifference to art and artists which is a characteristic of the average British mind, and there is nothing more inherently absurd in the joyous and noisy celebration of a Rubens tercentenary than in a Lord Mayor's Show. The worst that can be said of it is that it is a little troublesome at the time to those whose daily routine it disturbs, while the fact of its existence says much for the healthy humanity of a city and its people.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

—o—

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF CANADA.

THERE were two people standing at a window and looking abroad over the troubled waters of Lake George—or Lake Horican, as they preferred to call it—on this colourless and cheerless morning. The scene was a sad one enough. For far away the hills were pale under the clouded sky; and there were white mists stealing over the sombre forests, and the green islands lay desolate in the midst of the leaden sea that plashed coldly on their stony shores. Were they thinking—these two—as they watched the mournful greys of the morning change and interchange with the coming and going of the rain-clouds—that the great mother Nature was herself weeping for her red children gone away for ever from this solitary lake and these silent woods? This was their domain. They had fished in these waters—they had hidden in these dense forests from the glare of the sun—for ages before the ruthless invader had come from over the seas. Or was it of a later race that these two were thinking—of persons and deeds that had first become familiar to them in the pleasant summer-time—as the yacht lay becalmed on the golden afternoons—with the mountains of Skye grown mystical in the perfect stillness? Was it of Judith Hutter, for example, and Hurry Harry, and the faithful Uncas, who had somehow got themselves so mixed up with that idling voyage that one almost imagined the inhabitants of Tobermory would be found to address one as a pale-face when the vessel drew near the shore? One of the two spoke.

"I think," said she slowly—but there was a peculiar proud light in her eyes—"I think I might this very minute telegraph to Mr. Balfour to come right over by the next steamer."

The companion of this person was not in the habit of expressing surprise. He had got accustomed to the swift and occult devices of her small and subtle brain. If the member for Englebury had at that moment arrived by coach, and walked up the front steps of the hotel, he would have betrayed no astonishment whatever. So he merely said—

"Why?"

"You will see," she continued, "that her first thought about this lake will be its likeness to some other lake that she has known. She is always looking back to England. Last night she spoke quite cheerfully about going home. If Mr. Balfour were suddenly to meet us at Montreal—"

"Have you telegraphed to him?" demands the other sternly; for he is never sure as to the madness of which this woman is capable.

"No."

"Nor written to him?"

"No."

"Then don't be a fool. Do you mean to say that two people who find their married life so unbearable that they must needs separate are at once to be reconciled because one of them takes a trip across the Atlantic? Is that your remedy for married misery—your salt-water cure—thirty guineas return, with three pounds a head for the wine bill?"

"It was only one of them who wished for a separation," says this gentle schemer, with a happy smile, "and already she knows a little of what separation is like. Don't I see it? And the further we go—the more varied things we see—I know that her heart is yearning all the more to go back to its home. She speaks now of New York as if it were continents and continents away. It is not a question of time—and of your thirty guineas—it is a question of long days and nights, and solitary thinking, and strange places, and strange people, and the thought of the increasing labour of one's going back. And just fancy when we have gone away across the wide prairies——oh, I know! You will see the change in her face when we turn towards England again!"

Her companion is not at all carried away by this burst of enthusiasm.

"Perhaps," he observes, "you will be good enough to say at what point Mr. Balfour is suddenly to appear—like a fairy in a pantomime—or a circus-rider through a hoop."

"I never said he was to appear anywhere," is the petulant reply.

"No; and therefore he is all the more likely to appear. At Niagara? Are we to increase the current with a flood of tears?"

"I tell you I have neither telegraphed nor written to him," she says. "I don't know where he is—and I don't care."

"Then we are determined to have our cure complete? *Lady Sylvia Balfour before three months of moral scolding: the same after the three months: the recipe forwarded for eighteenpence in postage-stamps—apply to Professor Stickleback, on the top of Box-hill, Surrey.* There is one thing quite certain—that, if you are the means of reconciling these two, they will both of them most cordially hate you for the rest of their life."

"I cannot help that," is the quiet answer. "One must do what good one can. It isn't much at the best."

We were almost the only occupants of the steamer that left

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

the small pier and proceeded to cut its way through the wind-swept waters of the lake. And now, sure enough, these people began to talk about Loch Lomond, and Killarney, and Windermere, and all sorts of other places, just as if they wished to pander to this poor creature's nostalgia; it was of no use to remind them that the lake was an American lake, with associations of its own, and these far from uninteresting. Very gloomy, however, was the aspect in which Lake Horican now presented itself to us; for the clouds seemed to come closer down, and the low and wooded hills became of a heavier purple, and darker still became the water that was dashed in hurrying waves on the sandy and rocky shore. Then we got into the narrows, and were near enough the hills to see where the forest had been on fire, the charred stems of the trees appearing in the distance like so many vine-stems washed white. The lake opened out again; and on we steamed—the mountains far ahead of us growing of a still deeper purple as if a fearful storm were impending over them. Suddenly Lady Sylvia uttered a light cry. She had by accident turned. And lo! behind us there was a great blaze of sunlight falling on the hills and the water—the lake a sheet of dazzling silver—the islands of a brilliant and sunny green—one keen flash of blue visible among the floating clouds. And it was then, too, we saw an eagle slowly sailing over the russet woods—the only living thing visible in this wilderness of water and forest. The sunlight spread. There were glimmerings of silver in the heavy clouds lying over the region of the Adirondacks. A pale glow crossed from time to time our drying decks. When we landed to undertake the short railway journey between Lake George and Lake Champlain, we found ourselves in hot sunshine.

Lake Champlain, too, was fair, and sunny, and green; and the waters that the steamer churned were as clear as those of Schaffhausen; while the windy shreds of cloud that floated by the Adirondacks were of the lightest and fleeciest. But there were storms brewing somewhere. As the day waned, we had sudden fits of purple darkness, and dashes of rain went sweeping along the lake. In the evening there was a wild smoke of red in the west, behind the pallid hills, and this ruddy glare here and there touched the grey-green waters of the lake with a dusky fire, and made the hull of one boat which we could see in the distance gleam like some crimson stone. As we sat there, watching the lurid sunset, and the darkening waters, we had dreams of an excursion to be made in the days to come. When Bell's long exile in the west was over, we were to meet somewhere about this point. We were suddenly to disappear from human ken into the wilds of the Adirondacks. We should live on the produce of our own guns and fishing-rods; we should sleep in the log-huts on the cool summer nights; we should become as dexterous as Indians in the use of our canoes. We had heard vague rumours of similar excursions through these virgin wilds; why should not we also plunge into the forest primeval?

Mr. Von Rosen said nothing at all when he heard this proposal; but he laughed, and looked at his wife.

"When I am set free to get back to England," said the ranchwoman, with great gentleness—for she was obviously profiting by her brief companionship with civilised folks—"I don't think—I really do not think—that you will catch me foolin' around here."

In the meantime, however, she was just as eager to see everything as anybody else. Look, for example, at what happened on the very first morning after our arrival at Montreal. We had, on the previous evening, left Lake Champlain at Plattsburgh, and got into the train there. We had made our first acquaintance with the Canadians in the persons of four as promising-looking scoundrels as could be found in any part of the world, who conversed in guttural French in whispers, and kept their unwashed faces and collarless throats so near together as to suggest a conspiracy to murder. We had parted from these gentlemen as soon as the train had crossed the St. Lawrence bridge and got into Montreal, and we had reached our hotel about midnight. Now, what must this German do but insist on everyone getting up at a nameless hour in the morning, to start away by train and intercept a boat coming down over the Lachine Rapids. His wife assented, of course; and then the other two women were not to be outdone. A solemn tryst was made. Ridicule was unavailing. And so it happened that there was a hushed hurrying to and fro in the early dawn, and two or three wretched people, who ought to have been in bed, went shivering out into the cold air. As for the Lachine Rapids, the present writer has nothing to say about them. They are said to be very fine, and there is a picture of them in every bookseller's shop in Canada. It is also asserted that when the steamer goes whirling down, the passengers have a pleasing sensation of terror. All he knows is that, as he was sitting comfortably at breakfast, four objects made their appearance, and these turned out to be human beings, with blue faces and helpless hands. When they had got thawed somewhat, and able to open their mouths without breaking bones, they said that the descent of the rapids was a very fine thing indeed.

Nor was it possible for one to learn anything of the character of the Canadian nation, because of these insatiable sightseers. The writer of these pages, finding that he would have two whole days to spend in Montreal, had proposed to himself to make an exhaustive study of the political situation in Canada, and to supplement that by a comparison between the manners, customs, costume, and domestic habits of the Canadians and those of the Americans. It was also his intention to devote a considerable portion of this time to a careful inquiry as to the number of Canadians who would prefer separation from Great Britain. But these projected studies, which would have been of immense value to the world at large, were rendered impossible by the conduct of this group of frivolous tourists, who were simply bent on profitlessly enjoying themselves. And this they seemed to do with a great good-will, for they were delighted with the cool, fresh air and the brilliant atmosphere, which gave to this city a singularly bright and gay appearance. They were charmed with the prettily decorated cabs in the street. When they entered the Cathedral of Notre Dame, it seemed quite appropriate to find colours and gilding there that in England would have suggested a certain institution in Leicester Square. Then we had to climb to the tower to have a view over the beautiful, bright city, with its red brick houses set amid green trees, its one or two remaining tin domes glinting back the morning sunlight, its bold sweep of the St. Lawrence reflecting the blue sky. What was that, too, about the vagus nerve, when the striking of the great bell seemed to fill our chests with a choking sound? Our ranchwoman was not ordinarily scientific in her talk, but she was rather proud of the vagus nerve. Indeed, we grew to have a great affection for that useful monitor within, of whose existence we had not heard before; and many a time afterwards, when our desire for dinner was becoming peremptory, we only recognised the friendly offices of this hitherto unknown bellman, who was doubtless, in his own quiet way, sounding the tocsin of the soul.

In fact, these trivial-minded people would have nothing to do with a serious study of the Canadian character. They said that they approved of the political institutions of this country because they got French bread at dinner. They were quite sure that the Canadians were most loyal subjects of the

Crown, and that everything was for the best, simply because some very kind friends called on them with a couple of carriages and whirled them away up to the summit of Mount Royal Park and showed them the great plain beneath, and the city, and the broad river. They went mad about that river. You would have fancied that Bell had been born a bargewoman and had spent her life in shooting rapids. We knew that the old-fashioned song of our youth kept continually coming back to her idle fancy, for we heard faint snatches of it hummed from time to time when the rest of us were engaged in talk.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl!
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly will rest the weary oar—

. . . . . .

Utaway tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon—
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,
Grant us cool breezes and favouring air—

. . . . . .

Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past—

And the daylight was indeed past when we left Montreal; for these unconscionable tourists insisted on starting at the unholy hour of ten at night, so that they should accomplish some foolish plan or other. It was an atrocious piece of cruelty. We got into a sleeping-car; and found the brightest and cleanest of bunks awaiting us. We were pretty tired, too, with rushing up and down belfry-stairs, and what not. It was no wonder, therefore, that we speedily forgot all about our having to get up in the middle of the night at some wretched place called Prescott.

We were summoned back from the calm of dreamland by a hideous noise. We staggered out of the carriage, and found ourselves in a small and empty railway station at two in the morning. But the more we rubbed our eyes the more we were bewildered. Everything was wrapped in a cold, thick fog, so that the train was but the phantom of a train, and we seemed to each other as ghosts. The only light was from a solitary lamp that sent its dazzling glare into the fog and seemed to gather about it a golden smoke. Then these fierce cries in the distance?

"Dan'l's? Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's?"

The poor shivering wretches stared helplessly at each other, like ghosts waiting for Charon to take them somewhither.

"Dan'l's?" again resounded that unearthly cry, which had a peculiar rising inflection on the second syllable. *"Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's?"*

Then it crossed the mind of the bewildered travellers that perhaps this Dan'l's was some hostelry in the neighbourhood —some haven of refuge from this sea of fog—and so they stumbled along until they made out the glare of another lamp, and here was an omnibus with its door flung wide open.

"Dan'l's?" sung out the plaintive voice again. *"Who's for Dan'l's hotel? All aboard for Dan'l's?"*

We clambered into the small vehicle, and sat down, bound for the unknown. Then the voice outside grew sharp. "ALL ABOARD!" it cried; the door was banged to; and away we went through the fog, plunging and reeling, as if we were climbing the bed of a stream.

Then we got into the hostelry, and there was an air of drowsiness about it that was ominous. The lights were low. There was no coffee-room open.

"I think," said the lieutenant, rubbing his hands cheerfully, "I think we could not do better than have some brandy or whisky, and hot water, before going to bed."

The clerk, who had just handed him his key, politely intimated that he could have nothing of that sort—nothing of any sort, in fact. The lieutenant turned on him.

"Do you mean to tell me that this is a temperance house?" he said, with a stare.

"No, it ain't," said the clerk. "Not generally. But it is on Sunday; and this is Sunday."

It certainly was three o'clock on Sunday morning.

"Gracious heavens, man!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "is this a civilised country? Don't you know that you will play the very mischief with our vagus nerves?"

The clerk clearly thought he had nothing to do with our vagus nerves, for he simply turned and lowered another lamp. So the lieutenant lit his candle, and departed, muttering to himself.

"Dan'l's?" we heard him growl, as he went up the wooden stair. "All aboard for Dan'l's? Confound me if I ever come within a dozen miles of Dan'l's again!"

LITERATURE.

SIR F. H. DOYLE ON POETRY.

Lectures on Poetry. Delivered at Oxford by Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart., Professor of Poetry in the University. Second Series. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Times seem to have changed since Montaigne said, "We have more poets than judges and interpreters of poets." For, if the number of our poets is appalling, what shall we say of those myriads who interpret them? Yet, to meet with a man who, in these days, considers Sir Walter Scott the great poet of the nineteenth century, is refreshing.

We do not say this in any sarcastic mood. For if Sir Francis, in the Arcadian retreat of All Souls, with only Young Oxford around him, "cannot but wonder at the tone in which he hears Scott spoken of sometimes," what must be *our* unhappy condition, who, surrounded not by Young Oxford but by Young London, have long lost the faculty of wonder in all matters of criticism? But, as to reminding Young London, as Sir Francis proposes to do, "that its youth is not the only youth that has flourished, its enthusiasm not the only enthusiasm that has thrown its light upon life, and that the fashions of its day, like other fashions, are destined to lose their gloss of novelty and to wax old like a garment," if Sir Francis really thinks *that* a feasible enterprise, let him come and try it. From sad experience, we know exactly the kind of reception he will get. We wish, however, that we could place Scott as high among nineteenth century poets as Sir Francis Doyle does; we wish we could think Young London altogether wrong in its estimate of Scott. For we have all Sir Francis's affection for this fine and healthy writer who was once considered, says Sir Francis, "a great power in literature, as one standing before the world for many years, who poured forth the flood of genius from inexhaustible reservoirs of imagination, wit, sense, humour, and inventive power, all of them ready to his hand," and "who did not hold that a poet, in proportion to his merit and success, is entitled to usurp upon the qualities of the man." Let us confess, too, that we have—owing, no doubt, to an ineradicable strain of Philistine within us—a sort of affection for the much-abused Georgian era, in which Scott and Byron lived. And our excuse is that we are old enough to have actually *seen* our grandfather in the buckskin breeches and top-boots of those fine Philistine days; to have actually *heard* our grandmother, with fine Philistine tears in her eyes, recite the "Marmion" and "Bride of Abydos" of an antediluvian epoch. And we like to think of times when buckskin breeches, top-boots, Lady Jerseys, Scottish commonplace, and Byronic clap-trap were possible; when the "national drink"—port—was possible (never more than three bottles to a man after dinner, unless,

indeed, the drinker were Vanhorn the Great, in which case a slight excess was allowable). We like to think of times when the national locomotive power was good horseflesh, as in respectable communities it had always been—or at least ever since slaves and captured kings went out of fashion as beasts of burden; when the "high roads of England" flourished—those beloved high roads, the wonder of the foreigner—which—just before these hideous railway times—had reached that perfection they had been aiming at for a thousand years—smooth and convex as the surface of a stone pillar, and winding through sweet places between scented hedgerows uncontaminated by sulphur smoke, and snaking about from green hill to green valley and from green valley to green hill; we like to think of this Georgian era when "beef and beauty flourished" in a land nobly warlike and anti-French; whose national songs were Dibden's;—an era which styled Campbell our "modern Pindar" and Scott "our living Shakespeare." This is why we have been refreshed and charmed by Sir Francis Doyle's book, after all the bilious attacks we have suffered from the unwholesome affectations of the "finical school" of critics. A bilious friend of ours, thoroughly versed once in contemporary literature, dares not now open a single magazine at his club, lest he come unawares upon the once poetical but now nauseating word "Renaissance," or, more appalling still, the once musical but now dreaded name of Botticelli. The highest praise we can give to Sir Francis Doyle's book is that it actually contains 228 closely-printed pages of literary criticism, and neither of those two ghastly words appear; and a poem is never once talked of as a picture. And if we cannot agree with all Sir Francis Doyle's praise of Scott, it is not because we do not wish to do so.

A great poet Scott undoubtedly is, but not in Sir Francis Doyle's sense, we think. When he says that Scott was "essentially a bard, a born singer, a genuine descendant of the minstrels and rhapsodists of old," we scarcely know whether we cordially agree or violently disagree with him; for, to say the truth, we don't quite know what he means. A "bard," in the sense of a *raconteur*, he certainly was; as certainly, indeed, as a bard in the sense of a "born singer" he was not. We wish people would now cease calling Scott a bard, a minstrel, a troubadour, a rhapsodist, and so on. All this kind of language is very loose. If he was anything in this line, he was a *trouvère*. He belonged not to the order of Ausias March, but to that of Henry d'Audeley. Indeed, it seems to us that, if we thus consider Scott, we shall have no difficulty in placing him with regard to the real, born troubadour, Coleridge. For, in comparing the poets of the *langue d'oc* with the poets of the *langue d'oil*, this is what strikes one at once—there are certain troubadours who by temperament ought to have been *trouvères*, and there are certain *trouvères* who by temperament ought to have been troubadours; surrounding conditions alone have made them what they are. There are those whose impulse, though writing lyrics in the *langue d'oc*, is to narrate, and there are those whose impulse, though writing *fabliaux* in the *langue d'oil*, is simply to sing. In other words, there are those who, though writing in the *langue d'oc*, are more impressed with the romance and wonderfulness of the human life outside them than with the wonderfulness and romance of their own passions, and who delight in depicting *that* in any form that may be the popular form of their time; and there are those who, though writing in the *langue d'oil*, are far more occupied with the life within than with that outer life which the fashion of their time and country calls upon them to paint; born rhythmists, word-wizards, or troubadours, who "lisp in numbers, for the numbers come"—who *must* sing—who translate everything external as well as internal into verbal melody as Weber translated every landscape through which he drove into music. Of the former class, Peire Vidal, of the latter class the author of "Le Lay de l'Oiselet" may be taken as the respective types.

And, in later times, Scott, using the lyrical movement of Coleridge for his rough-and-ready purposes, and Coleridge, telling a witch story in a musical movement finer than even Shelley's, seem equally out of place. With the first, the story is the end of which the musical language is the means; with the second, the form is so beloved, the musical language is so soul-enthralling, that, however beautiful may be the story, it is felt to be no more than the means to a more beloved and beautiful end. This is why the *cantefable*, in its pure form, ought to be, and *must* be revived; it answers every requirement of literary art.

Can anything be more obvious than the distinction between *trouvère* and troubadour? Yet because they will not take the trouble to draw it we have the unseemly spectacle of Young London sneering at a man compared with whom they are as piping bullfinches to a mountain eagle; and, on the other hand, an Oxford professor, who—though, to be sure, confessing himself a partisan—ought to know better, quoting as a piece of superlative "*poetry*" the description of De Wilton in his introduction in the first canto of "Marmion," every word of which is prose, though the words we have italicised are prosier prose than the rest—

> But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
> His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
> And when he *struggled at a smile*
> His eye look'd haggard wild:
> Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
> If she had been in presence there,
> In his wan face and sunburnt hair,
> She had not known her child.
> *Danger, long travel, want and woe,*
> *Soon change the form that best we know—*
> *For deadly fear can time outgo*
> *And blanch at once the hair;*
> *Hard toil can roughen form and face,*
> And want can quench the eye's bright grace;
> *Nor does old age a wrinkle trace*
> *More deeply than despair.*
> Happy when none of these befall,
> But this poor Palmer knew them all.

Sir Francis Doyle seems to think that the gravamen of Young London's charge against Scott is that he "used simple words," that he was "unmetaphysical and devoid of analysis." This is a mistake altogether; the charge is not that he "used simple words," but that he used prosaic words like the above—not that he was "unmetaphysical and devoid of analysis," but that he was commonplace. And this is true. There is a misused compound word applied to writers like De Quincey, Professor Wilson, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Carlyle—the word "prose-poet." These writers are, of course, not prose-poets, but the very opposite—they are poetical prose-writers. The "prose-poet" is he who (like Scott, and like those who, in the North of France, versified the stories in *Dolopathos* and the Arabian tales from Castile), though adopting poetical forms, evidences the poet's imaginative vision, without much of that singing power and word-wizard's faculty which we look for, and have a right to expect from every man who adopts poetical forms. Now, in Charles Lamb's sense that "Heywood was a prose Shakespeare," Scott, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," was a prose Coleridge; that is to say, a prose-poet. Of verbal felicity he had less than any considerable poet of his time—less than Southey—less than even the common run of prose story-tellers, as became obvious as soon as he wrote 'Waverley.' And here we came upon a point which, as genuine admirers of Scott as a novelist, we would willingly have left untouched. Sir Francis confesses himself, in the matter of Scott, "an advocate and partisan," a function which is much more easy and pleasant than the judicial one; and if, as sometimes happens, it results in injustice to people who are not clients, that is a licence which is allowed to advocates and partisans, but in moderation. Speaking of Scott's "Bridal of Triermain," Sir Francis says, "I think the better opinion is that one of Coleridge's imaginative poems was the model he had before him, for a moment at least! Such lines as—

> And faintly gleamed each painted pane
> In the lordly halls of Triermain—

and the like, sound like reminiscences of Christabel."

Very likely they do; and very likely everything beautiful in Scott's romantic tales "sounds like a reminiscence of Christabel." Is it really possible that Sir Francis does not know this?

To the student of poetry there is no more interesting matter of speculation than this; if Dr. Stoddart had *not* repeated the then unpublished "Christabel" to Scott, and if Scott, under the thrilling witchery of that most marvellous poem, had *not* gone home and produced at once an imitation so clever and yet so coarse, prosaic, and fitted for popularity, that Coleridge, half disgusted with his own beautiful work, lost all heart and desire to finish it; if this had not taken place, would or would not the most rare and ethereal poet of this century have finished "Christabel," and continued to work the same matchless vein? Those who answer this question in the affirmative cannot but be angry with him who, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," killed off by a caricature coarser than the Supplemental Iliad of Quintus Calaber, a poem, any fifty lines of which are worth more than all the rhymed productions of the caricaturist, save, perhaps, "Bonny Dundee."

Yet as a romance writer how great a poet he was! This was evident even in his rhymed stories; but when he came to write 'Waverley,' and 'Guy Mannering,' and 'Rob Roy,' there could be no mistake that the very finest poetical story-teller of the western world had appeared. And let it never be denied that to be a great story-teller a man must be a great poet. Perhaps, indeed, in a condition of society so complex as ours, the highest form of literary art now possible is in such work as he in great measure achieved when he turned from the prose of his rhymed stories to the poetry of his glorious novels.

Sir Francis Doyle's remarks on Wordsworth are judicious and full of practical sagacity; so are his lectures upon *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *The Tempest*. Some of these latter are so good that, had his style been more vigorous, or, rather, more "distinguished," they could not have failed to make an impression. What he says about the ignorant presumption of the modern scholiast strikes us as being especially good. We have no love for those who, with no more ear for music than the donkey in Kriloff's fable that would have "corrected" the nightingale's note to the proper standard of the farmyard cock's, yet presumes to award whole scenes from Shakespeare to contemporary dramatists.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Historical Biographies. Life of Sir Walter Ralegh. By Louise Creighton. London: Rivingtons.

Mrs. Creighton has been more successful with her historical biography of Sir Walter Raleigh even than with that of the Black Prince, in a previous volume of this valuable series. In both cases she has brought to bear upon her subject a clear knowledge of the results of the freshest historical research and a vivid interest in the part played by individuals in human affairs. But in the present volume she has to deal with a less remote period and a more striking personage. The spacious times of Queen Elizabeth are nearer to us and excite a more general interest than the reign of Edward III.; and romantic as was the career of the Black Prince, it must yield in fascination to that of the great sailor, soldier, poet, scholar, and courtier. Raleigh, or Ralegh, as Mrs. Creighton spells his name, came in contact with his age at so many different points that he is quite an ideal subject for a historical biography. To describe the events in which he took part is really to show "the work which Englishmen had to do in those days." He was equally at home in statecraft and in shipbuilding; he took an interest in new forms of poetry as well as in the development of the tin trade, or the introduction of new articles of agricultural produce; he is one of the founders of English colonisation, and one of the fathers of English history. Mrs. Creighton is right in saying that Raleigh "is one of those who were great rather for what they were than for what they did," and yet he wrote one or two imperishable poems, he introduced into England two of our most familiar articles of food and luxury, the potato and tobacco, and he had at one period of his life a commanding influence in the determination of our national policy. There was no man in his generation, not even Sir Philip Sidney, who can be put in comparison with him for variety of powers and achievements. His fame has suffered from being dispersed over so many departments of human effort. He has not Drake's reputation as a naval hero, though Drake never surpassed the daring of his attack upon the Spanish fleet at Cadiz or his capture of Fayal; he has not Spenser's reputation as a poet, although the few things that he wrote will live as long as anything of Spenser's; he was overreached by Cecil in the game of ambition, though he was more than Cecil's equal in knowledge of men and of political intrigue.

The great variety of directions in which Raleigh spent his gigantic energies makes him an admirable subject for such a sketch as Mrs. Creighton here aims at giving, combining biographical interest with an outline of a historical period. We do not know any book in which so complete a picture of an age is given in the same compass. All the striking features in the reign of Elizabeth, from its commercial enterprise to its splendour in dress, its spirited foreign policy, its aristocratic privileges, its excitement at the opening of new worlds—the sudden enlargement of its literary and political horizons—occur naturally in an account of the career of Raleigh. Of his early life, very few particulars have been preserved. "When he first comes clearly before us, he comes as the fully-formed man, with strongly-marked characteristics and well-defined tastes and interests." We know only that he was born in 1551 on the Devonshire coast, the second son of his father's third wife; that he went up to Oriel College, Oxford, at the age of fourteen; that he left, at the age of eighteen, to serve his apprenticeship in arms with the Huguenots; that, after five or six years of this apprenticeship, he took part in a colonising expedition led by his half-brother, Sir Humphry Gilbert, which proved a failure. He first comes prominently forward in 1580, as gaining distinction in Ireland in the capture of the Spanish fort of Del Oro, and the subjugation of the Earl of Desmond. He thus made the acquaintance of Sir Henry Sidney, father of Sir Philip, and through him apparently of the Earl of Leicester, by whom he was introduced at Court. Mrs. Creighton's short sketch of the Earl of Leicester is a good example of the touches by which she fills in her picture of the time.

> The high position in which Leicester was placed necessarily made him unpopular, and his arrogance did not tend to diminish his unpopularity. He was intensely ambitious, and was willing to employ any means to gain his ends. It was said of him that he was prepared to poison or murder, in some secret manner, any man who stood in his way. Most likely he was suspected of more crimes than he actually committed; still it is true that at times people died most opportunely for his plans. He was supposed to have summoned a certain Doctor Julio from Italy to instruct him in the art of poisoning; and his victims appeared to die of natural diseases. Leicester's person was handsome and commanding, his manners were polished and affable; he was no ruffian, but possessed an absolute command of temper, and would have scorned to gain his ends by violence. His villany was not that of the rough Teuton, but of the astute and polished Italian.

This reference to the Italian features in Leicester's policy is highly suggestive. The cultivated Englishmen of the sixteenth century borrowed more from Italy than tales, plays, and poetical forms. The travelled fop brought back southern airs and graces; men of a more ambitious turn studied the Italian masters of statecraft, and some more, others less, according to their character, endeavoured to carry their principles into practice. English statesmanship owed as much to Machiavelli as English poetry owed to Dante and Petrarch. More stubborn spirits, such as Lord Burghley, remained impervious equally to the vices and the virtues of Italian statecraft, and held sturdily and successfully to their insular shrewdness of judgment and narrowness of vision. Such a man as Leicester, volatile, unprincipled, eaten up with personal ambition, adopted what was evil in the lessons of his foreign masters without much

corresponding gain. Even Raleigh, although the largeness of his political views is probably traceable to this source, was not wholly untainted by the vices of the school. There are facts in his later career so entirely at variance with the general strain of his character that we can only explain them by reference to some such superinduced principles. He probably owed his fall to a certain prevarication and want of straightforwardness in trifling details which shook the public belief in his honesty in matters of more consequence.

Introduced to Elizabeth in 1581, Raleigh rapidly made way in her good graces. He had not been a year at Court when he became one of her prime favourites. Mrs. Creighton remarks upon the wisdom which Elizabeth showed in rewarding her favourites not with high places in the State service, which the more ambitious of them coveted, but with gifts of land and commercial privileges, which however unjustly they pressed upon the trade of the country, at least did not interfere with the proper administration of public affairs. Thus Raleigh obtained for his services in Ireland 12,000 acres of the confiscated land of the Desmonds; and this gift was rapidly followed by other marks of royal favour, the sole right of granting licences for the export of broadcloths, a similar monopoly of the sale of wines, the wardenship of the Stannaries, finally the command of the Queen's guard. The young courtier frankly enjoyed this good fortune. He did not hoard the wealth which was showered into his pockets, but spent it magnificently. There was something of the general tendency of newly acquired wealth in the splendour of the period. Even the Queen herself was subject to the temptations of windfalls. She did not fail to claim the lion's share of the booty which her brave sailors piratically seized upon the Spanish Main. Out of the plunder brought home by Drake in the *Golden Hind*, he was allowed to keep 10,000*l.* for himself, while 60,000*l.* in jewels and money was lodged in the Tower. It was not in human nature to resist the elation of such good luck. The peacocks spread their feathers in the sun, and the Court blossomed out into unparalleled ostentation of jewels and fine raiment. Among the many handsome and gorgeously clad figures of the time, none was more handsome or more gorgeous than Raleigh.

Ralegh, like the other courtiers, was fond of fine clothes, and liked to show off his handsome person to good advantage. He was tall, with a well shaped but not too slender figure. He had a fine broad forehead, and thick dark hair; his complexion was clear and ruddy, but became bronzed in after years by his voyages and exposure to the sun and wind; he wore the pointed beard and moustache then fashionable. His eyebrows, which were much arched and very strongly marked, gave his face a slightly scornful expression, whilst his finely-cut mouth showed decision and firmness. Several portraits of him still remain, in each of which he appears clothed with great magnificence, and wearing many jewels, for which he had a great fancy. A contemporary writer says that Ralegh's shoes were so bedecked with jewels that they were computed to be "worth more than six thousand six hundred gold pieces." In one of his portraits he wears a suit of silver armour, and is richly adorned with diamonds, rubies, and pearls.

The lavish expense of Court life not only quickened the appetite for monopolies, but stimulated the genius of enterprise. In this, as in many other cases, private vanities proved to be public benefits. It had long been a favourite dream of Raleigh's to replenish his purse from the dim and fabulous Western regions, out of which such a stream of wealth was flowing into Spain. He had more than once co-operated with his half-brother Gilbert in abortive enterprises, but still he believed in the possibility of success. He obtained from the Queen, in 1584, a charter authorising him and his heirs to discover and take possession of any lands not actually possessed of any Christian prince. He and his heirs were to have the right of governing in perpetuity any colony founded within the next six years. He fitted out two ships, and despatched them in charge of two experienced commanders, to explore the coast north of Florida. The expedition proved a failure. Its only result was the introduction into England of tobacco, concerning which Mrs. Creighton qnotes the following passage from one of the adventurers:—

"There is an herbe which is sowed apart by itself, and is called by the inhabitants Yppowoc. . . . The Spaniards generally call it tobacco. The leaves thereof being dried and brought into powder, they used to take the fume or smoke thereof by sucking it through pipes made of clay into their stomach and head. . . . We ourselves, during the time we were there, used to suck it after their manner, as also since our returne, and have found many rare and wonderful experiments of the vertues thereof, of which the relation would require a volume by itselfe. The use of it by so many of late, men and women of great calling, as else, and some learned physicians also, is sufficient witness."

Raleigh himself [Mrs. Creighton adds] seems soon to have become fond of this new luxury. He used pipes of silver instead of pipes of clay. On one occasion it is said that a servant, who was bringing him some ale, was so terrified at seeing him smoking that he threw the ale over him, and ran down stairs, shouting that his master was on fire. We do not know whether Elizabeth ever tried the effects of tobacco herself, but she would sit by Raleigh whilst he smoked. One day she said to him, that however clever he might be, he could not tell the weight of the smoke from his pipe. When Raleigh affirmed that he could do so, the Queen remained incredulous, and made a bet against him. Raleigh showed his ingenuity by weighing first a pipeful of tobacco; then when he had smoked the pipe, he weighed the ashes that remained, and demonstrated to Elizabeth that the difference between the two weights was the weight of the smoke. Elizabeth was convinced and paid the bet.

Notwithstanding the failure of this expedition to Virginia, Raleigh bravely persevered, and fitted out another, which met with no better success. His voyages to Guiana were equally unproductive—the last of them worse than unproductive—still they led the way for more fortunate enterprises. But in the midst of all his busy schemes for making rich his superintendence of his Irish estates, his control of the Cornish mines, his maintenance of his position at Court against the intrigues of rivals, Raleigh seems to have never lost his sympathy with the literary movements of the time. He fell into disgrace with Elizabeth in 1589, and it is significant of the wonderful resources of the man that he sought to regain favour by bringing over from Ireland to his Sovereign Lady a bard who was capable of singing her praises as no other person could in her dominions, singing them as no other living monarch could have praises sung. Spenser records in "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," in the pastoral allegory of the period, how the Shepherd of the Ocean found him, and complained to him of the great unkindness and the usage hard of Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea. Whether it was to Spenser's strains that Raleigh owed his restoration to favour, we have no means of knowing, but he was forgiven, and remained a favourite till a graver offence, his marriage with Elizabeth Throgmorton, threw him again and more seriously into disgrace.

Mrs. Creighton's account of the later and more personally interesting part of Raleigh's life is very skilfully written, with abundant extracts from the writings of the period. She is full of sympathy for the commanding genius of her hero, but she never allows this to betray her into stilted panegyric; everywhere her style is clear, simple, and unostentatious. One might perhaps complain that she is not sufficiently critical in her estimate of Raleigh's character and his powers. She takes no notice of Ben Jonson's curious criticism of him recorded in Drummond's 'Conversations.' Sir Walter Raleigh, said that censorious but clearsighted judge, "esteemed more of fame than of conscience." Part of Jonson's criticism would have come in very aptly, for Mrs. Creighton singles out for especial praise in Raleigh's 'History of the World' the account of the Punic War, and Ben professed to have written for him "a piece of the Punic War, which he altered and set in his books." "The best wits of England," Drummond was told, "were employed for making his history." Still it must be admitted that this detracts but slightly from Raleigh's fame as a writer. It is very likely that a man with his keen practical turn availed himself of the assistance of others, and if we did not possess his letters which show how powerful a style he wielded, our suspicions, considering the relations in those days between men of letters and their patrons, might go so far as to cast doubt upon Raleigh's literary claims. But that he could write well himself, whatever he may have condescended to borrow, is unquestionable. And in his remarks upon the Punic and other wars there is a

practical sagacity to which Ben Jonson could not have pretended, and which could have come only from experience in the conduct of military affairs.

HUXLEY'S AMERICAN ADDRESSES.

American Addresses. With a Lecture on the Study of Biology. By Thomas H. Huxley. London: Macmillan and Co. 1877.

[*Second Notice.*]

The last American address in this volume is the speech made by Professor Huxley at the opening of the John Hopkins University, at Baltimore, on September 12, 1876, and its subject is education in general and medical education in particular. The author has much to say on both points. As to general education, he is in favour of such radical reforms that his observations will take the breath away from all educationists of the old school. After insisting on the importance of continuity in education, so that the course at school may be a fit beginning to the course at the university, he says of elementary education:—"Such education should enable an average boy of fifteen or sixteen to read and write his own language with ease and accuracy, and with a sense of literary excellence derived from the study of our classic writers; to have a general acquaintance with the history of his own country and with the great laws of social existence; to have acquired the rudiments of the physical and psychological sciences, and a fair knowledge of elementary arithmetic and geometry. He should have obtained an acquaintance with logic rather by example than by precept, while the acquirement of the elements of music and drawing should have been pleasure rather than work." Such is Professor Huxley's scheme for a really liberal elementary education. Of such an education he says:—"I cannot too strongly impress upon you the fact that, with such a primary education as this, and with no more than is to be obtained by building strictly upon its lines, a man of ability may become a great writer or speaker, a statesman, a lawyer, a man of science, painter, sculptor, architect, or musician. That even development of all a man's faculties, which is what properly constitutes culture, may be effected by such an education, while it opens the way for the indefinite strengthening of any special capabilities with which he may be gifted." With respect to the advanced course or courses at the University, he says, "the University need cover no ground foreign to that occupied by the elementary school. Indeed, it cannot; for the elementary instruction which I have referred to embraces all the kinds of real knowledge and mental activity possible to man. The University can add no new departments of knowledge, can offer no new fields of mental activity; but what it can do is to intensify and specialise the instruction in each department." He then goes on to point out how, by developing each of the branches of his proposed elementary education, every branch of scientific, literary, and artistic knowledge can be pursued. On the important point of the study of modern languages Professor Huxley is almost silent; the only passage bearing on the question in this discourse is as follows:—"Thus literature and philology, represented in the elementary school by English alone, in the University will extend over the ancient and modern languages." From this we are driven to the conclusion that he considers that the study of modern languages should be begun in the University. We hope that this is not the true meaning of the passage, and, if not, it is a pity that Professor Huxley has not expressed his real views more clearly.

True it is that the critical study of languages in respect to their construction and relation to each other is only fitted for advanced education, yet in order to pursue this study with advantage the student should have a good stock of words and idioms at command, or, in other words, ought to be able to read some one or two languages easily, and, if possible, be able to speak them. Again, modern languages, or rather the power of reading them, are a most valuable tool in obtaining other branches of knowledge. Instruction in reading and speaking modern languages should be given at the earliest possible age—indeed, at the same time that instruction in reading and speaking English is given. At that age the power of reading and speaking any language is acquired without mental strain, and when once acquired can be easily kept up by regular lessons, and above all by giving the child amusing books in the language he can speak, and encouraging him to read them in his playtime.

With respect to medical education, again, Professor Huxley has much to say; much more, indeed, than space will allow us even to allude to. He points out that, valuable as a good knowledge of natural science is to a medical practitioner, there is no time to acquire it when once his special professional education has begun. And, further, he says:—

> At present young men come to the medical schools without a conception of even the elements of physical science; they learn for the first time that there are such sciences as physics, chemistry, and physiology; and are introduced to anatomy as a new thing. It may be safely said that, with a large proportion of medical students, much of the first session is wasted in learning how to learn, in familiarising themselves with utterly strange conceptions, and in awakening their dormant and wholly untrained powers of observation and manipulation. . . . There is not the least reason why this should be so, and, in fact, when elementary education becomes that which I have assumed it ought to be, this state of things will no longer exist. There is not the slightest difficulty in giving sound elementary instruction in physics, in chemistry, and in the elements of human physiology in ordinary schools. In other words, there is no reason why the student should not come to the medical school provided with as much knowledge of these several sciences as he ordinarily picks up in the course of his first year of attendance at the medical school.

This last proposition he justifies by telling us that a large percentage of the number of scholars of the elementary schools who avail themselves of the elementary training in science given under the auspices of the Science and Art Department—some seven thousand in all in the one subject of human physiology alone—"show as good an acquaintance with human physiology as used to be exhibited by the average candidates for medical degrees in the University of London . . . twenty years ago; and quite as much knowledge as is possessed by the ordinary student of medicine at the present day." Professor Huxley, in common with most writers and speakers on medical education, has a few words to say against the study of *materia medica*, on which at present so much time and toil has to be spent by students preparing for medical examinations. He is also an advocate for studying each branch of science as a separate course, finishing each branch before passing to another, and winds up his observations in favour of this plan with the very true observation "that it is important, not so much to know a thing, as to have known it, and known it thoroughly."

The last chapter of this book is the lecture on the study of biology, delivered at South Kensington, in connexion with the Loan Collection of Scientific Instruments. The author begins by defining what is meant by biology, and then proceeds to defend the word itself, which some critics have attacked. Amongst the reasons why biology should be studied, Professor Huxley puts forward as a very strong one the fact that, without such study, it is impossible to judge of modern theories which at present occupy the minds of all thinking men; indeed, he says that, many years ago, a gentleman who had written much and strongly against Darwin's views wrote to him (Professor Huxley), to know how he could best make himself acquainted with the strongest arguments in favour of evolution. He at once replied—to the great anger of his correspondent—"recommending him to go through a course of comparative anatomy and physiology, and then to study development."

In treating of how to study biology, Professor Huxley insists on the value of practical work, and that physical science cannot be learned from books alone. "You may read any quantity of books, and you may be almost as

ignorant as you were at starting, if you don't have, at the back of your minds, the change for words in definite images which can only be acquired through the operation of your observing faculties on the phenomena of Nature." If this be indeed so, let us hasten to make all mankind study biology, so that those who write and speak may have at the backs of their minds change for words in definite images, and that we may not have so often to answer the question "what do you read?" as Hamlet answered—"Words, words, words."

JAPANESE ART.

A Glimpse at the Art of Japan. By James Jackson Jarves. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1876.

John Stuart Mill has declared it to be logically conceivable that there may be a condition of existence in which two and two do not make four. The proposition may have its difficulty for some minds; for our part, we are only too glad to have such safe authority for a statement entirely in harmony with our own convictions. What is more, it does not seem to us necessary to take a voyage to the moon, or to any more remote celestial body, in order to discover the Promised Land of complete emancipation from the tyranny of facts and figures. It exists upon our own planet; and it is called Japan. No; in Japan two and two do not make four, but whatever seems good in their own eyes. The laws of gravity do not obtain. Flies possess no monopoly of walking with their heads downwards; and tea-kettles, as Captain Mitford tells us, are apt to run up the chimney faster than their own steam. The part is sometimes double the size of the whole; at any rate, men profess to inhabit houses not much larger than their own boots. The landscape arranges itself without any prejudice in favour of perspective; and when trees find no room to grow in the ground they root themselves in the air. The whole world, in fact, is topsy-turvy; and all the men and women in it are busy laughing at it from the morning, birth, until the night-time, death. Perhaps, though, this applies to the Japan of yesterday, rather than of to-day; to the Japan of to-morrow it certainly will not apply. For the world is swiftly settling into orthodox shape there. Two and two will soon make four in Japan, just as they do in Europe. Then the trees will come down out of the air, and condescend to modestly merge themselves into forests; no longer shall we be able to count their separate leaves, and no longer amidst their foliage will strange birds stand upon the tips of their claws, and peck at golden oranges the size of footballs, and larger; the houses will expand to due proportions; the steam will creep up the chimney, and the kettle sit and sing contentedly upon the hob; the men and women will leave off laughing, and—we shall lose for ever the spirit and humour and incommunicable charm of Japanese art! We may have just as faultless gold and lacquer, just as exquisite porcelain, as delicate ivory carving, but Japan will have entered upon its majority, will have learnt that life is real, life is earnest, and the delicious freaks and fancies of its childhood will be no more.

It is with these freaks and fancies, with the Japan of yesterday (surely not *old* Japan yet, though time does move so swiftly?) that Mr. Jarves is fascinated. Against his enthusiasm, warm and glowing though it be, we have not a word to say. As decorative artists, the Japanese are widely admitted to be without rivals. Nowhere, not even in India, does one find such sensibility to the delights of colour; nowhere such boldness of design united with such exquisite finish and workmanship. But we quite agree with Mr. Jarves that, when all this is admitted, much more remains to be said of Japanese art. In its own way, and in its own sense, it is a truthful expression of life. Not of the highest phases of life perhaps, and certainly not of the highest human moods. Mr. Jarves says himself that "the fine arts, with the human soul and form as their fundamental motives, and human excellence or spiritual loveliness as their distinctive aim in expression, are not found in the æsthetic constitution of the Japanese." And it is because this is so, that all Mr. Jarves' talk about the Ideal and the "Idealism of Japanese Art" appears to us very much out of place. But if art in Japan can scarcely be said to be "ideal" in the sense in which we generally use the word, that is, if it have not for its primary motive the embodiment of ideas, or of spiritual passion or power, it is at any rate true, and, apart from its pleasantness to the eye, most gratifying and healthful to the soul. The love of the grotesque for its own sake is not an altogether legitimate sentiment; and so near at hand as China, where nice sense of colour, technical skill, and grace of design, are second only to these gifts in Japan, one sees how this, as an inspiration, tends to degenerate into the worship of ugliness. But in Japan it is not the worship of ugliness, but the worship of laughter. Now laughter and the causes of laughter are real—no more inventions than tears and the causes of tears. Fun actually exists in the world, at any rate in the same sense as mournfulness and pain exist; the comicality of the weasel, of the penguin, of the camel, of the physiognomy and contour of many men and women, are as much facts of nature as the solemnity of the mountains or the peace of the stars. We may, of course, question the objective reality of any of these impressions; but at any rate they all repose upon the same foundation, whether of human consciousness or Divine will. And those who accept the latter conception, and who delight to imagine the creator investing the mountain with grandeur and the skies with glory, can have no possible excuse for believing that the God of Nature allowed all the quaint and merry creatures with which the earth teems to escape out of his hand without any intention or consciousness of mirth. Well; but it would be idle to deny that, to our minds, there is decidedly a sense of incongruity between Divinity and too much mirth; sorrow is divine with us—not laughter. Now, with the Japanese, it would be exactly the reverse, only it does not appear that they are much troubled to realise any such sentiment as divine-ness. Children, when they are healthy, are mostly, we fear, irreligious; and the Japanese would seem to be irreligious much in the same way from excess of healthiness; they have their ghost-stories; and they have their goblins, and their familiar comfortable gods. But of religion, in the sense of supernatural awe and of spiritual compunction, they appear to be quite singularly deficient. Buddhism, with its sublime melancholy, its lofty resignation, its self-abdication, could not, of course, take any root here; although, not being a "missionary religion" in the sense in which Christianity and Mahommedanism have understood the term, it has been tolerated, and allowed to build itself temples. The most interesting chapter of Mr. Jarves' book treats of the popular deities, the household gods, as they may be most accurately called; with whom the artists, and, indeed, the people at large, in their current fables and legends, do not at all fear to take all manner of innocent liberties. One of the illustrations given shows us seven of these good-natured deities at a pic-nic party. There is the goddess Benzai-ten, an excellent mother of a large family, but who, were she less respectable, would be the Japanese Aphrodite, for she is queen of love and of music also, and so is represented in the picture entertaining the company by playing on a lute. Then there is Yebis, god of food, not quite so sober as he might be, we are afraid; but one hopes that this is an exceptional occurrence, and that he will be convinced of the error of his ways, for Shian-Ko, the god of long life, is evidently giving him a lecture on the subject. Then there is Jossi-Joku, the god of talent, absorbed in reflection, as becomes a sage; and Bis-jaimon, god of military glory, conversing familiarly with Daikoku, the apoplectic god of wealth. But our favourite amongst the party is decidedly Hoteï, the god of "contentment in poverty." We are afraid that in any other country but Japan Hoteï would be more likely to find himself locked up as a sturdy vagrant than in the company of gods. For he has

neither purse nor occupation, and, under the circumstances, his portliness is decidedly suspicious; if he does not steal, most certainly to beg he is *not* ashamed. Yes, a lazy fellow is Hoteï, loving to lie and sleep in the sunlight. And when the little children gather round him, teasing and tickling him and climbing over his fat body, bribing them to leave him in peace by telling them fairy stories, the moral of the stories is always, shocking to relate! that money is worth nothing at all, that it does not make the sunlight, nor the fresh showers, nor the beautiful white blossoms on the mountain cherry-trees. But, then, in Japan such lessons are not so pernicious and immoral as they would be, say, in London; poverty, and contentment with poverty, are not directly dangerous to the social fabric in a land where a man can live and get as fat as Hoteï upon one meal of rice a day, and where for clothing he needs only a loin-girdle, and a court dress of good paper to wear on state occasions.

In a country where there are few material cares and no religious terrors, it is not strange that the picture of the world should seem a bright and pleasant one. But the Japanese are also peculiarly sensitive to the beauty of Nature. Mr. Jarves gives a charming account of whole families going out gipsying into the hills at the season when the cherry-trees put on their lovely snowy blossoms. He declares that the farmers rejoice as much in the beauty of their crops at harvest-time as in the promise of increased prosperity. And in the same way the craftsman also works for his own delight in the object he is producing quite as much as for the price that will be paid him. And the result is that the commonest objects—tea-pots, clay-vessels, combs—nay, hair-pins even—all express some fantastic whim or passing fancy of their contriver. As it is not very probable that Mr. Jarves' book will be reproduced in England, we will close our notice with a description of one or two of the illustrations (photo-lithographs from original Japanese drawings), which the author will no doubt pardon us for considering the most interesting portion of his volume. One of the most remarkable represents the dream of an exhausted water-carrier; he is stretched out at full length snoring away vigorously—as we can tell by his open mouth and distended nostrils. Nevertheless, he is scarcely enjoying his slumbers as one would wish; for behold, in a sort of halo floating round his head, we discover the tormenting vision which is wrinkling his forehead into a hundred creases, for, whilst his body lies here at rest, he sees himself drawing up water laboriously, shouldering the heavy buckets, staggering away under the detested burthen, perspiring, puffing—cursing doubtless, if life be "real and earnest" enough in Japan for oaths to have been invented. Now it is to be remarked that there is nothing in this picture but pure comedy—a western artist would undoubtedly have put into it a note of pity for the victim; he would have made him appear jaded, worn with work—we should have felt sorry for him. But the Japanese water-carrier is an obese and comfortable mortal, over whom the most sympathetic heart could certainly not waste a sigh. One understands quite well that he is a lazy good-for-nothing—a faithful disciple of the comfortable and fat Hoteï, who has stolen away here into a sunny and cosy corner thinking to enjoy a delicious doze. He has been lazily fanning himself, if you please, the self-indulgent wretch! and now he is clutching his broken fan desperately. Another picture, which has even more vigour and humour, represents a desperately energetic artist rushing at his canvas, not only with a brush in each hand, but also with one between his teeth and one fastened to the tip of his nose. Here, too, one perceives the easy-going Hoteï, with his good-natured dislike of too much energy in the background. "Pas de zèle, messieurs; surtout pas de zèle." Mr. Jarves also gives some very charming specimens of flower and grass sketches, and some most graceful pictures of birds. The moment the Japanese artist quits human subjects, he is able to keep his sense of the ludicrous under control. Man is evidently for him a "forked radish with a head curiously carved," altogether ridiculous both in form and character. But the birds, and the trees, and the flowers, are beautiful to him, and not ridiculous; he is not afraid to play and trifle with his gods, but when he paints Nature he is in earnest, and attempts no jests with her.

BOUND TO WIN.

Bound to Win. A Tale of the Turf. By Hawley Smart. In Three Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall. 1877.

Captain Hawley Smart has the peculiar power of concocting a by no means uninteresting story without a single possible character, and with hardly one probable incident in it from beginning to end. His 'Tales of the Turf' have a decided fascination for a large class of readers—to which we ourselves belong—who possess a secret awe and admiration for the mysteries of horse-racing, without being sufficiently initiated into the refined subtleties of the science to detect those slight technical inaccuracies with which, we understand, the writer of 'Bound to Win' is occasionally taxed by the "*cognoscenti*," as he styles them. We, however, can only look on with wonder, as at a snake-charmer, while the gallant author fearlessly toys with his enigmatic array of "dark horses," "rortees," "knights of the pencil," "dumb jockeys," and other such equine phenomena. And a peep behind the impenetrable scenes of the turf is so gratifying that we will not allow our faith in our guide to be shaken merely by a trifling skit in a comic contemporary.

The plot of the present work is one of those which only Captain Hawley Smart can produce, and its development affords great scope for his special talents. By the provisions of a singular will, the hero of the book, Harold Luxmoore, owner of some extensive racing stables, is, on pain of losing an estate and a bride, "bound to win" a certain Derby. An unscrupulous cousin next in the entail is thus interested, on the other hand, in preventing this happy consummation. The efforts of these two young men to attain their respective objects form the story. Harold Luxmoore is not a person of much importance in the book, although presumably the hero. He is rather passed over by the other characters; even his own grooms appear to have but a small opinion of him, and bestow their respect rather upon his friend, the Hon. Jim Laceby, or the "Honble.," simply, as the author usually styles him. Upon this last, Captain Smart fairly lavishes his eulogies—he can hardly find words to express his admiration of this pet creation; he tells us, with tears of paternal pride in his eyes, that, "No cooler man existed than the Honble. Jim—nor harder. He could walk all day after grouse, play whist all night, and come down looking serene as if he had been put to bed with the children. He would ride a four-year-old at an oxer in the middle of a quick thing or stand a cracker on the favourite with equal placidity. . . . He sometimes languidly murmured in the shibboleth he affected that 'he had got it hot,' 'come to grief,' 'had a rosy time,' or something of that sort; but his equality of temperament never seemed disturbed, and yet, according to his lights, Jim Laceby was no fool." The anti-climax here is certainly remarkable. But the real attractions of the story, in the way of hocussings, "leaky stables," and "cooked favourites," are heralded in by Berkley Holt, the scheming cousin—"a good-looking man, about five-and-thirty, of medium height, with quick, glittering dark eyes, and a somewhat defiant manner, the result of his doubtful position," &c. This unprincipled young man has on hand not only his own black plots against his relation's Derby prospects, but also, on behalf of a blighted admirer of Harold's, plans for preventing his marriage, which involve the interception of letters, &c., through the medium of a lady's-maid. It seems to us a pity, by the way, that Captain Hawley Smart should introduce the somewhat hackneyed and still more improbable incident of a spy contriving to conceal himself behind a

conspicuous "straight tapestry screen some eight feet in height," during a most important interview between two lovers.

We can hardly expect from a writer whose whole soul is bound up in the stable and paddock a very finished or lifelike picture of anything so unequestrian as an ordinary young lady. All the gallant author's female portraits are thus somewhat unfinished, while what there is of them is a little inclined to be conventional. His injured widow has, of course, "long dark lashes," "shapely shoulders," and a "pure contralto," and his heroine "red tints in her rich brown tresses" and a "delicately-moulded figure, robed in light muslin." Neither description possesses very striking originality. We had much rather he told us that they were "well ribbed-up, though a bit groggy in the pasterns," or "flat in the fore hand, but a trifle slack-loined." However, we have our fill of these seductive phrases in their proper places. "'Now, Mr. Laceby, what do you think of this one? He's the forwardest colt we have, though not the oldest. He's not the good looks of Coriolanus, or the substance of Lacedemonian, but he shows signs of being wonderful fast.' 'Strikes me as too flashy, and I don't like a washy chestnut; they've generally a soft point in their character. What do you call him, and how's he bred?' 'Hypocrite, by Beelzebub out of Happy Land. I've doubts about his staying, but he'll be bad to beat as a two-year-old on account of his speed, I fancy.'" "'How about those forelegs,' he continues, addressing the trainer, 'flat and like iron? Look at his quarters; there's hocks for you; they'll want no irons; pasterns long, springy, and elastic as india-rubber; ribbed up, barrels are no use to him,'" &c. Such passages as these abound to our heart's content. The accounts of the races are really good of their kind, and are always excitingly given. The story does not contain a moral—unless it be some deep sporting maxim, patent only to one who can "stand a cracker on the favourite," and know what he is doing when he does so; but if Captain Hawley Smart's only object was to write a very readable book, we may congratulate him upon his success.

TRAVELS IN THE FAR EAST.

A Visit to Japan, China, and India. By R. N. Fowler, M.A., &c. London: Sampson Low and Co.

Mr. Fowler left London on September 1, 1875, for Japan, whither he proceeded *viâ* America, arriving there just two months later. After a glimpse at the country, he next paid a flying visit to China. He then went to India, and left that country for home on February 28, 1876. The entire time which he spent in the East was, therefore, three months and twenty-eight days. Deducting from this the time passed in steamers, railway carriages, and mail coaches, the period available for inquiry and observation is reduced to something under three months. But Mr. Fowler being, as he tells us, too good a member of the Church of England to go sight-seeing on "the Sabbath," we have to subtract twelve Sundays from this total. This gives us the net space of two months and a half as the effective time at Mr. Fowler's disposal for seeing "Japan, China, and India." Of this, eight weeks were passed in India, so that he must have "done" Japan and China in a fortnight—a week each, in fact. Mr. Fowler gives us an account of what he saw neither better nor worse than the scores of similar accounts by preceding travellers, who have gone to the same spots by the same roads, and seen the same objects from the same points of view. The British "globe-trotter" now does America and the East in the time it cost his grandfather to do the Rhine. He is as much at home under the shadow of the Great Wall of China or on the summit of Fusiyama as was the traveller of two generations ago in Rome or Dresden. After a three months' tour he returns home triumphant, laden with the spoils of the East. In the vast array of trunks and cases which he brings with him are stowed away imitation "Mings" from Peking, brand-new antique lacquers from Yedo, Manchester shawls from Cashmere, and Brummagem stones from Galle. Were we head of the Customs at his port of arrival we would gladly pass his boxes duty free—indeed, an *ad valorem* duty would be hardly worth levying, but one thing we would not pass at any price—we mean his note-book—the cherished diary in which he has recorded his *impressions de voyage*. This we would, had we the power, ruthlessly seize and confiscate, not more in the interest of the long-suffering tribe of readers, and, we may add, reviewers at home, than in that of the writer's own reputation. However distinguished a man may be in his own special line of literary or political activity, he runs a serious risk in writing on places and topics with which he is only imperfectly acquainted, and he is pretty certain to injure himself in the estimation of those really conversant with the subject. Had Ulysses himself—the great "globe-trotter" of antiquity—published accounts, after the fashion of the modern British tourist, of the different places which he "did" in his days, we question whether he would ever have earned the epithet of *polymêtis*, or been held up to succeeding ages as a typical specimen of the sage.

These remarks are suggested by the sketchiness and superficiality of Mr. Fowler's account of Japan and China, where he is evidently out of his latitude, and do not apply to the chapters on India, which form the bulk of the work. He would, we think, have acted wisely in running more rapidly over his experiences in the remoter and less familiar regions which he visited, and he should have refrained altogether from comment or speculation on the political problems now seeking solution in those countries. As might be expected, he often misses the point of the question altogether, and his book furnishes more than one illustration of the fallacy known to logicians as *ignoratio elenchi*. Thus, at page 57, commenting on the passport regulations in Japan, he says, "they seem foolish and vexatious, and can hardly last should travelling increase." He does not see that the precise object of the regulations is to prevent the increase of travelling. The explanation of the strict enforcement of these regulations is to be found in the ex-territorial clause of the treaty which exempts our fellow-countrymen in Japan from Japanese jurisdiction. The Japanese are naturally anxious to abrogate this clause, which is in the nature of a stigma, and amounts to a denial of their claim to be regarded as a civilised Power. With this object they are doing all in their power to make the present arrangement as uncomfortable as possible for us. When Sir Harry Parkes sees his way to leaving his countrymen to the tender mercies of Japanese tribunals, the Yedo Government will, on its side, rescind all restrictions on travel in the interior, but so long as we insist on our privileges so long will the Japanese uphold their restrictive rights as a *quid pro quo*.

Again, at page 93, Mr. Fowler entirely misses the point of the Chinese opposition to railroads and telegraphs. "Their excuse," he says, "is that their construction might desecrate the graves of their ancestors whom they worship; but they cannot avail themselves of this plea in regard to telegraphs." The plea is a mere blind, and imposes on no one. The Chinese, it is true, show a deep and commendable reverence for the graves of the dead, but they are an eminently practical people, and their reverential feelings would not stand in the way of the execution of Government works of public utility necessitating the levelling of graves or the removal of coffins. If the State were to undertake a line of railway, we are quite sure no serious hostility would have to be encountered on this ground. The causes of the Chinese opposition to the introduction of foreign inventions of this sort are perfectly palpable, and are strictly referable to two heads. In the first place, the intense Conservatism of the Chinese is intolerant of such a serious innovation on the existing order of things. Confucianism is, as everyone knows, the received philosophical system of the empire, and

Confucius may be regarded as an apostle of Conservatism. That change of every kind is bad, was one of the chief lessons which he inculcated, and the popular mind is deeply impregnated with this teaching. This of itself might almost suffice to account for the present attitude of the Chinese, but it may likewise be traced to another and still more operative cause. And this is the suspicion universally entertained: that foreigners will follow on the heels of their own inventions, penetrate and eventually take possession of the country; that, in in fact, the introduction of railroads and telegraphs will prove the certain prelude to the conquest and occupation of China by some foreign Power. No arguments will rid them of the belief that we have some such designs in view, and they point to the fate of India as a sufficient justification of their misgivings.

Our space will not permit us to criticise further this portion of the work, open to criticism as it is. But when he gets to India Mr. Fowler treads on much firmer ground. His experience as a member of Parliament, and especially as a member of the Indian Finance Committee, which sat from 1870 to 1873, had already made him conversant with most matters appertaining to our great Eastern dependency. He had, moreover, the additional advantage of associating, during his stay in India, with men thoroughly competent, from their position and familiarity with the country, to give him accurate and authoritative information. In Madras, he was the guest of the Duke of Buckingham; in Bengal, of Sir Richard Temple; and he had long conversations with Sir Philip Wodehouse at Bombay. Mr. Fowler has profited by his opportunities, and we can recommend his book to anyone wishing to acquire a sound general knowledge of the leading Indian questions. Finance, taxation, wages, the native army, the opium question—these and kindred topics are reviewed with succinctness and ability. And there is a philanthrophic spirit pervading the whole work, which will recommend it to most readers, and merits the warmest commendation.

The author is not always quite consistent. We leave it to himself to reconcile his views respecting the seclusion of women expressed at page 43 with those enunciated in the concluding paragraph of page 224. Some mistakes occur in the spelling of proper names, as Dar Butsn, page 31, for Dai Butsz; Myanoshila, page 39, for Miyanoshĭta; Margery, page 94, for Margary; and at page 26 we find the familiar word "globe-trotter" oddly misprinted "globe-troller." The style, too, is a little slovenly here and there. We meet, for instance, the irritating solecism "different to" more than once; a sudden change in the number of the third personal pronoun makes the last sentence of page 212 almost unintelligible; and the author is unintentionally hard on himself in this sentence at page 29:—"Though tedious, I thought myself as well off as if I had been at the sea-side." Whatever faults his book may have, we cannot say we found it tedious. The writer is, however, undeniably deficient in a sense of humour, or he would hardly have taken *au grand sérieux* his American friend Mr. Morton's "calculation"—uttered doubtless in the merest "chaff"—that Japan would one day become a State of the Union.

CASTLE ST. ANGELO.

Castle St. Angelo and The Evil Eye. Being Additional Chapters to 'Roba di Roma.' By W. W. Story. London: Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Story is an artist in a great many senses of the word. Not only is he an admirable sculptor and author of a new canon of the human form, but he is a poet, and has held a brief for Judas Iscariot. Moreover, he is an exceedingly pleasing prose writer, and is known to many through his 'Roba di Roma' who have never seen his Cleopatra or read his 'Nero,' or know that he figures in Hawthorne's 'Transformation.' The present volume is described as "additional chapters" to 'Roba di Roma,' but the book may be considered quite apart from its attractive and interesting predecessor. The greater part of the book is devoted to an historical study of Castle St. Angelo; the rest is given up to a consideration of the legend of the Evil Eye, and those who have dealt with and believed in it. There is no need to point out the interest that must attach to any history of the gloomy building, the first sight of which no one who has ever visited Rome will ever be likely to forget. It is bound up with all the history of later Rome as indissolubly as the Colosseum or the Pantheon, while, unlike them, its own immediate importance in the events of the Eternal City has continued down to the present day. When Byron said of it in "Childe Harold"—

> Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on high,
> Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
> Colossal copyist of deformity,
> Whose travell'd phantasy from the far Nile's
> Enormous model, doomed the artist's toils
> To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
> His shrunken ashes, raise this dome: How smiles
> The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
> To view the huge design which sprang from such a birth!

Mr. Story considers him to have been thinking of the pyramid of Caius Cestius, but he may have wandered away in thought from the building erected in imitation of the tomb of the Carian King, Mausoleus, to the copied Canopus of Hadrian's garden on the road to Tivoli. If, however, Mr. Story rightly objects to such a description of the great tomb, on the other hand he might have quoted Mme. de Staël's eloquent description:—"Behold," said Corinne, "one of those edifices whose exterior has the most originality; that tomb of Adrian, changed into a fortress by the Goths, bears the double character of its first and second destination. Built for death, an impenetrable *enceinte* environs it; and nevertheless the living have added to it something hostile, by the exterior fortifications which contrast with the silence and the noble inutility of a funeral monument. . . . All the events of the history of Rome, from Adrian until to-day, are associated with this monument." Mr. Story has written an exceedingly interesting chapter of Roman history very well. His style is agreeable, if at times liable to a diffuseness that corresponds to an occasional incompleteness in the narrative. Thus, for example, when he takes the trouble to tell that Cagliostro was imprisoned in the castle, he might have given the additional information to be found so well expressed in Carlyle's essay. "One summer morning of the year 1795 the Body of Cagliostro is still found in the prison of St. Leo; but Cagliostro's Self has escaped—*whither* no man yet knows. The brow of brass, behold how it has got all unlacquered; those pinchbeck lips can lie no more: Cagliostro's work is ended, and now only has its *account* to present." Three things in Mr. Story's pages will surprise many readers—his credence of Benvenuto Cellini's story about his having killed the Constable de Bourbon, to those who are in the habit of regarding the great goldsmith as an even greater liar; his account of Rienzi, to those chiefly familiar with Bulwer's picture of the last Roman tribune; and the grave doubt he casts upon Guido's famous picture known as the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, to those who have it as a faith that the sad sweet face of the Barberini Palace represents that

> Most perfect image of God's love
> That ever came sorrowing on the earth.

"Whether," says Mr. Story, "the portrait now in the Palazzo Barberini, and so familiar through the innumerable copies which are everywhere to be seen, really represents Beatrice Cenci, is a question open to much doubt. In the narrative of the story of Beatrice Cenci, taken from the Archives of the Cenci Palace, it is stated that 'the most faithful portrait of Beatrice exists in the palace of the Villa Pamphili, without the gates of San Panuazio. If any other is to be found in the Palazzo Cenci it is not shown to anyone, so as not to renew the memory of so horrible an event.' If, however, a portrait of her by so celebrated an artist as Guido had then been in existence, it would certainly have been known; and the fact of it being painted by

him would in all probability have been stated. The portrait supposed to represent her now in the Barberini Palace is a picture which belonged to the Colonna family, from whom it came into possession of the Barberini family some sixty years ago on a division of property, and had long previously existed there—so long that no record remains as to its history or origin. It is certainly in the highest degree improbable that this portrait of Beatrice Cenci should have been taken from her in such a headdress and costume; and that if it at all represents her, it is probably a reminiscence. There is, however, no proof that it is even this. The description of Beatrice in the narrative of the Cenci archives does not correspond to this portrait in various respects. She is therein said to have been small and of a fair complexion, with a round face, two dimples in her cheeks, and golden curling hair, which, being extremely long, she used to tie up, and when afterwards she loosened it, the splendid ringlets dazzled the eyes of the spectator. Her eyes were of a deep blue, pleasing, and full of fire; and her face was so smiling in character, that even after her death it seemed still to smile. The eyes of the portrait are hazel, the hair is not curling, nor long, and the face is longish, with thin and somewhat haggard cheeks, and without any dimple." All this is worthy of consideration, but it is scarcely so condemnatory as may at first appear, when it is remembered that the picture is generally assumed to have been taken shortly before Beatrice's death, when suffering and torture may be supposed to have had their effect upon her countenance. The hair of the portrait certainly *is* curling; and as to the colour of the eyes, the difference between hazel and blue is not so easy to establish as may at first appear, nor is it by any means safe to rely upon description—witness the doubt as to the colour of the eyes and hair of Mary Stuart. Besides, the mere fact that the tradition exists must count for something, and Mr. Story does not tell us when this tradition first came into existence, upon which a good deal depends. The remainder of the volume is devoted to a lengthy and erudite consideration of that most curious of superstitions the *jettatura*. This belief is familiar to readers of Théophile Gautier, who makes a defender of it point out that, while no one now offers up bulls to Jupiter, or doves to Venus, or peacocks to Juno, the legends of fascination and of the evil eye, as old as any faith, endure still as strongly as ever. It is well known that the Pope himself is believed by many to be *un jettatore*, and it certainly does seem as if the world contained persons fated to carry with them misfortune to those they come in contact with. As this belief is now most prevalent in Italy, Mr. Story warns those going to Italy that it is important to know the signs by which the evil eye may be recognised and averted, and these are detailed at interesting length in his pages.

VARIORUM NOTES.

The authoress of 'Marley Castle' complains that our review last week did injustice to her classical scholarship. We were wrong, it seems, in supposing that the Silenus whose pessimistic philosophy she puts into the mouth of an English officer must be an ancient literary man quoted by Athenæus. It was really the Satyr, as the authoress of 'Marley Castle' proves by quoting the following passage:—"Affertur etiam de *Sileno* fabella quaedam: qui quum a Mida captus esset, hoc ei muneris pro sua missione dedisse scribitur; docuisse regem, *non nasci homini longe optimum esse; proximum autem, quam primum mori.*"—Cicero, *Tusc.* i. 48.

The authoress of 'Marley Castle' defends her calling "a silver spoon in the mouth" a "buccal ornament" on the ground that *bucca*, though it does not mean the mouth, means "the cheek puffed out." But does putting a silver spoon into the mouth puff out the cheek? An ordinary spoon does not produce that effect; and, besides, an ordinary spoon, when put into the mouth, disappears, and ceases, for the moment, to be an ornament of any sort, buccal or otherwise. However, we will not chop scholarship with the authoress of 'Marley Castle.' We dare say we should get the worse of it. It was rather the relevancy than the accuracy of her learning that we objected to, and our strictures were quite compatible with admiration for the novel as a whole.

Several of the provincial newspapers this week printed laudatory obituary notices of Mr. Justin McCarthy, the novelist. These must be very gratifying to Mr. McCarthy's friends, all the more that he is still alive to join in enjoying them.

Mr. Carlyle, who has been out of town for some time, will return in a very few weeks. He has, it is said, received somewhat of a shock from an accident which happened to his niece, Miss Aitken, in Scotland. She was shot in the cheek by some pellets from the gun of a lad firing at birds in a neighbouring garden.

It is understood that Mr. William Morris, the poet, has agreed to deliver next winter a series of lectures on the "History of Decorative Art," under the auspices of the Trades Guild of Learning.

During the visit of the two Emperors to Ischl, a young lady from Brunswick determined to present the Emperor William with a costly bouquet. After waiting three hours, by the steps of the Hôtel Elizabeth, the Emperor at last appeared, but her courage failing her at the last moment, she begged a Prussian officer accompanying him to present her bouquet to the Emperor. The officer at once complied, gave the Emperor the present, and returned to express his Majesty's thanks to the fair donor, who was rather surprised to see this Prussian officer then enter the Emperor's carriage and take a seat beside him. On asking who he was, she discovered that it was the Emperor of Austria in Prussian uniform.

There seems to be some mysterious fascination in fortifying the capital of a country, whether it is adapted for it or not. If there is any city in the world where one would imagine fortifications superfluous, that city is Rome. But, not content with their quadrilateral, the impregnability of which, it is true, was rudely tested in 1866, the Italian Government have decided to fortify the City of the Seven Hills by an *enceinte* of forts, and at such a distance from the town, however, as to ensure the safety of the art treasures which are its pride. There are to be eight forts, close enough to each other to ensure an effective cross-fire, and connected with each other by a series of earthworks, well armed with heavy guns. The works will be strongest on the side towards the sea, in order to guard against an attack from Civita Vecchia and Palo. The mouth of the Tiber from Fiumicino to Porto d'Anzio would be protected by a fleet of gunboats. Garibaldi is opposed to this scheme, and criticises it severely in a letter to the editor of the *Capitale*.

The subterranean telegraph recently laid between Berlin and Mayence has produced such excellent results that Herr von Stephan, the director of the Prussian telegraphs and post, will apply for fresh votes to extend the system, and place all the Prussian lines beyond the power of the elements.

The Cobden Club will, it is generally understood, shortly publish a cheap edition of Mr. Cobden's speeches and political writings, chiefly for the benefit of the working classes, and with a view to interesting them, in the right direction, in the Eastern Question.

Some attention should be paid by our newspapers to the sermons which are preached in certain of our most notable pulpits, if these have the human interest of certain that have been preached lately. Take, for example, one that was given on Sunday last in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the subject of "Prayer," by Canon Liddon. The Canon had actually the audacity to describe the material of some prayers as "resembling a leading article, although thrown into the unusual form of an appeal to the Almighty." Plain speaking like this deserves to be reported.

A Parliamentary return on the Church of Scotland shows that the patronage of the livings, which means, in effect, the whole ecclesiastical government, is in the hands of women, the

electorate for ministers consisting of 24,000 females to 16,000 males. It is clear that the Conservative Patronage Act is to be the death of the Establishment in Scotland, and if we cannot say of the Church what James V. said of the Crown of that country, that it "came with a lass" it seems certain to go with a lass, or through a superabundance of lasses.

A new branch of industry is being developed in the United States. Since the trade in University diplomas has become nremunerative, and indeed almost impossible, an enterprising Bostoner undertakes the obtainment of letters of nobility for certain sums. A simple baronet—a "Herr von"—costs 1,000 dollars, a baron 10,000, and a count 25,000 dollars. Intermediate degrees are in proportion, and provided he be possessed of sufficient means there is practically no limit to the honours that may be borne by some citizen who has "struck ile." In fact, like the woman in the German tale, he can go through all degrees of rank, though we are not informed whether the title of Pope is ever attainable, or, if so, for how much. It is a curious fact that there is in the United States one person who is possessed of a foreign title; he is a lawyer, named Jones, who received from some small foreign Power the title of Count Johannes, and actually received permission from the United States Government to wear the title. Woe be to him who ventures to contest the Count Johannes' right to his distinction, for he has already silenced scoffers and doubters by an appeal to a court of law.

The telephone has put in an appearance at Christiana, where a conversation has been carried on with Drammen, twenty-five miles distant, to the very great astonishment of the native population. During the performance, one of the auditors suddenly effected a precipitate retreat, being firmly convinced that his wife was inquiring after him. He could tell her voice in a thousand, he said, and where her tongue was her fist was close by.

Is there any more ozone to be had in Ramsgate than anywhere else? Or why is it that Earl Russell, who seems now to be "booked for ninety," has gone thither, and that the still older Sir Moses Montefiore believes in it more firmly than in anything, perhaps, but the return of his own race to their own land?

It would seem that Mr. Hankey, who has erected the Co-operative Home that overshadows Queen Anne's Gate, is not to have the monopoly of this invention. Mr. Tod-Heatley, who, like Mr. Hankey, is a magnate in the wine trade, has bought the site of one of the parish workhouses in the West End, which is about to be removed to a more open and less valuable neighbourhood, and there, it is understood, he will build a Co-operative Home in the form of "flats." Unquestionably the system of "flats" is all the rage, the demand for them being much in excess of the supply.

A somewhat interesting, but little noticed, discovery has just been made by an English boring company on the frontiers of Anhalt and Prussia. This company has been exploring for some time back, to ascertain whether potash salts can be obtained on these frontiers, and beyond the limits of the Prussian and Anhalt authorities, who have the monopoly of the only field of such salts known to exist in the world. About the end of last week the English borers struck "salt clay," which is the sure indication of the potash layers which are evidently more than 100 feet thick. Under the Prussian laws the English adventurers get the benefit of their discoveries. These ought to be of very great interest to farmers.

Excavations made near Halle, by Professor Klopffleisch, at the request of the Historical Commission of the Prussian Province of Saxony, have brought to light a number of ancient Germanic sacrificial places. Remnants of the animals slaughtered—for instance, stags—and of the sacrificial meals, were found together with potsherds of clay vessels. The latter had been used, according to the heathen custom, only once, in honour of the gods to whom the sacrifice was made. Clay cylinders, for marking off the sacred spots; bone arrow-heads; and shells of the mussel which is peculiar to the river Saale, were also dug out. An iron needle may have belonged to a Hermundure woman of the neighbourhood nearly 1,800 years ago. Fragments of human bones and isolated human skulls are explained, in the report which has been published, as indicating that the sacred precincts had perhaps been employed also for sacrificing prisoners of war, or executing criminals. We would observe, however, that, as regards the skull, the archæologists of Halle have left out of account a far more obvious interpretation. It is a fact little known, but easily ascertainable from German historical sources, that, n practising fire-burial, the heads of the corpses were often separated from the body for preservation. The importance of the cranium, as showing the mental and other qualities of man, evidently was known to the Teutonic race of old. Hence the preservation ot the skull—at least in the cases of prominent men—was rather a prevalent custom. It remained so down to the time of the Frankish Emperor Karl the Great, who—in forbidding cremation, under penalty of death, by a *capitulare*, in the year 789—speaks of this heathen practice of separating the skull from the body previous to fire-burial.

A new treatise on Fire-Burial, published in Switzerland, from the pen of M. Rudolf Schmidt, states that there are numerous cremation societies now on the Continent—namely, at Berlin, Vienna, Köln, Bonn, Bremen, Hamburg, Schleswig, Kolberg, Nordhausen, Leipzig, Dresden, Hainichen, Rheda, Gotha, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Eger, and in other German and Austrian towns. At Zürich, in Switzerland, at Milan, and in several other Italian towns, there are also societies for agitating in favour of cremation. A "Journal for the Furtherance of Fire-Burial" (*Korrespondenzblatt zur Förderung der Feuerbestattung*) serves as a literary organ to the German societies.

Mr. W. J. Stillman writes to the New York *Nation*:—"I perceive in a note in the *Nation* of June 7 an allusion to the tradition I picked up at Melos concerning the so-called Venus found there. I cannot be expected to presume to recall the terms of my statement, and a file of the *Nation* does not exist in Montenegro; but, as nearly as, after years of interval, I can recall what the consul, whose father and predecessor found the statue, said to me, it was that the arms were found with the body, but that, when the statue had been recovered by the French frigate from its Ottoman captor, it was found that the arms had disappeared, and that they were *supposed* either to have rested in the hold of the Turkish ship or to have been thrown overboard for some reason or other. If the present report is true, it would appear that the Turks, in their usual estimate of 'antika,' [didn't care for the small pieces, and left them where they were found, and where, in some way, they were again covered, accidentally or intentionally. The carefully, and evidently *expressly*, constructed niche in which the statue was walled up was shown me, and I was assured that the arms were found beside it. All beyond that was a conjecture, as far as the final fate of the arms was concerned. The shield was an essential part of my theory, as involving the writing of a name or names on it, guerdon of victory; and I have never an instant doubted, from the *pose* of the statue, that it was the 'motive' of it that it should hold a shield or mirror—the former if it were a victory, the latter if it were a Venus, the latter supposition never having found a moment's credence in my mind since the time I saw the frieze of Athene-Nike on the Acropolis. Those who have my book on the Acropolis may compare the Victory given from that frieze, and see that the types of the figures are the same, that of the frieze being somewhat inferior in the *technique*, as if done by a clever pupil, working in imitation of his master, and both differ radically in type from any known Venus. Some day I hope to be able to return to the subject, and produce a convincing monograph on it, with photographs." Mr. Stillman's opinion on so interesting a question is one of importance and authority. We are still inclined to regard the Lady of the Louvre as Venus, but Mr. Stillman's contribution to the controversy will be of great value, and deserving consideration, not as the promulgation of an idle theory, but as the result or careful study and personal investigation. Mr. Stillman is at present in the heart of Montenegro, but it is pleasant to find that he has not forgotten the rest of Europe in his devotion to the cause of liberty.

In honour of the recent Caxton celebration a pretty little pamphlet has been privately printed and distributed. This little pamphlet contains the "Rules for the Conduct of Life," which are presented by the Corporation of London to every apprentice on whom its freedom is conferred. Very good rules indeed they are, to the number of thirty-six, full of sage maxims and good counsel, such as may have served to guide and gladden the heart of Master Goodchild, unless, indeed, perhaps, as they have neither date nor authorship, they were drawn up by that worthy gentleman towards the close of his virtuous life. But the interest of the present pamphlet has little connexion with these rules, but is centred in its old style of binding, and the way in which the pages are got up and printed with antique paper and antique type. The reprint has been made for distribution by "a well-known Baronet, M.P., citizen, and goldsmith."

With Dr. Conneau's death one more name has been removed from the living list of the friends and supporters of the founder of the Second Empire. Unlike De Morny, who, while he lived, was the right hand of Louis Napoleon, unlike Persigny, unlike the vulgar herd of fawning adherents of the Granier type, Dr. Conneau took no prominent position in connexion with the Court or the politics of the second Cæsar. Yet but for him it is in the highest degree probable that the Second Empire would have never come into existence, that the twenty "resplendent" years which went out with Sedan would have been unwritten in history. It was Dr. Conneau who planned and perfected the escape of Louis Napoleon from Ham, and, to do the Emperor justice, he never forgot the devotion of his most faithful friend and most enthusiastic believer. While the others who clustered around the Imperial Court believed in Bonapartism because it represented to them so much of worldly wealth, or success, or whatever their hearts were most set upon, Dr. Conneau believed in it from principle, and never sought reward for his fidelity. While after the fall of the Empire men wore violets, because they were to them the symbols of the faded power and the past pleasures which might become a tangible reality again, Dr. Conneau remained true to his chief in his later adversity as he had been before his success, simply because he believed in him. With the twenty years of triumph he had little to do, with the first and last acts of the Imperial trilogy he is associated honourably, and his attachment to an evil cause derives a nobility because it was honest and unselfish.

MM. Caspari, Krause, and Jäger, with the co-operation of Darwin and Häckel, have founded a monthly journal under the title of *Kosmos*, which is published by Ernst Grüther in Leipsic. Five numbers of the journal have now appeared, and have been well received not only by the scientific but also by the general public, for whom the lucid and interesting style, shorn of needless technicalities, possesses great attractions.

In Moscow and in the interior of Russia Panslavism is not losing ground. It has even usurped the domain of fashion—unless, indeed, fashion has rather seized the domain of Panslavism—for, with the help of the Paris milliners, the youth and beauty of Old Russia are now exhibiting their charms in a rather meagre costume, founded on the national dress of the Bulgarian peasant maids. Their example has been followed by the Panslavonic exquisites, who are also adopting the Panslavonic male attire. The characteristic feature of this costume lies in an abundant exhibition of that part of the shirt which in western climes is generally tucked out of sight. It is of red silk, and hangs down outside the trousers, which, in their nether extension, are tucked into top-boots. The ambrosial locks of the exquisite are covered by a small felt hat with a peacock's feather.

An American engineer, Mr. George E. Waring, jun., has just been made an honorary member of the Koninklijk Institut van Ingenieurs of the Netherlands, in consequence of his services as a judge at the Centennial to the Netherlands exhibition, and the interest in the Netherlands evinced in his book, 'A Farmer's Vacation.' Mr. Waring is one of the very few who have ever received this distinction, and the only American.

They have an agreeable custom in Italy of making wedding-presents, which consist of privately printed copies of some rare or inedited literary work. An American journal points out the advantage of introducing this system into the United States, where the early history of the country would afford ample materials. It is to be hoped that no one will introduce any such custom here, where the mania for reprinting has got to such a height that any attempt to increase it would be almost impossible. The time is scarcely far off when there will be hardly a petty poet, who ever scribbled six successive lines of verse in English, who will not be reprinted, and preserved to posterity by some society or other.

A Russian army chaplain, preaching to one of the regiments departing for the seat of war, described the torments which would await the coward in the other world, by depicting hell as a place in which the sufferer would be up to his neck in brandy, and unable to drink a drop. This Tantalus-threat may prove effiacious.

The Russians have been treating, through Prince Reuss, for the exchange of Lieutenant Putchin, of torpedo celebrity, but the Turks refuse to give him up, saying that he is worth more to them than Hassan Pasha and a hundred other Turkish officers put together. Flattery is generally disagreeable.

Mr. Evelyn Jerrold is engaged upon a life of Honoré de Balzac, which will probably be ready in the winter or early spring. This should supply a want, as there is no biography of Balzac existing—save that of Mme. de Surville, his sister. Memoirs and personal recollections there are of course in plenty—by Mme. de Girardin, Théophile Gautier, Champfleury, Gozeau, &c., and some brief studies by younger writers, as Charles Asselineau, Claretie, and others. In tracing the history of Balzac's works, Mr. Jerrold will attempt a complete identification of the characters of the 'Comédie Humaine.'

The Bouffes Parisiens will open on September 1 with *Madame l'Archiduc*. This favourite piece will be followed, towards the end of next month, by a three-act opera-bouffe from the pen of M. Paul Ferrier, entitled *La Lectrice de l'Infante*. M. Serpette furnishes the music. The principal characters will be entrusted to Mme. Théo, Mme. Peschard, and Daubray.

There are two new pieces now in rehearsal at the Vaudeville—*Chez Elle* by M. Narey, and *Pierre* by MM. Cormon and de Beauplan.

M. Octave Feuillet is now dramatising his latest novel, 'Les Amours de Philippe,' of which we give a notice next week. The piece is to be brought out this winter at the Comédie Française, and will have for its chief interpreters Mlle. Bernhardt and M. Worms.

A new French journal is to make its appearance next week. Those interested in it have chosen *L'Antichrist* for its title.

Mme. Judic had a very favourable reception the other day at Etretat, in the new piece *La Chanteuse par Amour*. Upon her return to Paris she was at once invited to give a few representations of the piece at Dieppe, in September. *La Chanteuse par Amour* will be added to the programme of the Variétés.

During the Paris Exhibition of next year, the Comédie Française intends giving a series of representations of the most successful plays of the last few years. Conspicuous among these will be *Le Demi Monde*, *L'Etrangère*, *La Fille de Roland*, *L'Aventurière*, and *L'Ami Fritz*.

Miss Minnie Hauck, the American singer, who has had such a series of successes in Germany, is to appear this next season in Paris. Meantime she is to sing at Brussels next month in *Paul et Virginie* and *Lohengrin*.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Hardy, Thomas.—A Pair of Blue Eyes. New Edition. (Crown 8vo.) H. S. King and Co. 6*s*.

Middlemass, Jean.—Touch and Go. In 3 vols. (Crown 8vo.) Chatto an Windus. 31*s*. 6*d*.

Newman, John Henry.—The Via Media of the Anglican Church. Vol. I (Crown 8vo, pp. 355.) B. M. Pickering.

Scott, Sir Walter.—Waverley, Guy Mannering, Antiquary, Old Mortality, Rob Roy, Heart of Midlothian. Bradbury, Agnew, and Co. 1*s.* each.

Thirty-Third Annual Report of the Church of England Sunday School Institute, 1876-77. (Demy 8vo, pp. 144.) Church of England Sunday School Institute. 1*s.*

Who Was Caxton? (Crown 8vo, pp. 47.) Hardwicke and Bogue. 1*s.*

Wilson's Legal Handy Book. The Law of Master and Servant. By James Walter Smith, LL.D. (Crown 8vo, pp. 90.) E. Wilson. 1*s.*

The EDITOR *cannot undertake to return Manuscripts.*

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BEDFORD COLLEGE (for LADIES), 8 and 9 York Place Portman Square.—The SESSION 1877-78 will BEGIN on THURSDAY October 11.

TWO ARNOTT SCHOLARSHIPS will be awarded by OPEN COMPETITION in October next. Candidates to send their Names to Miss MARTINEAU, at the College, before September 20.

Prospectuses, with Particulars of Scholarships, Boarding, &c., to be had at the College. H. LE BRETON, Hon. Sec.

MR. HENRY IRVING in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—The SEPTEMBER NUMBER will contain a New and Characteristic Permanent CABINET PHOTOGRAPH of this distinguished Tragedian, with an intimate Biographic Account from Original Sources.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON. — SESSION 1877-78.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on MONDAY, October 1. Introductory Lecture at 3 P.M. by JOHN WILLIAMS, M.D.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of ARTS and LAWS (including the Department of Fine Arts) will begin on TUESDAY, October 2. Introductory Lecture at 3 P.M. by Professor ALFRED GOODWIN, M.A.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of SCIENCE (including the Department of the Applied Sciences) will begin on TUESDAY, October 2.

The SCHOOL for BOYS between the ages of Seven and Sixteen will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, September 25.

Prospectuses and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, and Prizes open to Competition by Students, may be obtained at the Office of the College.

The Examination for the Medical Entrance Exhibitions, and also that for the Andrews Entrance Prizes (Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science), will be held at the College, on the 27th and 28th of September.

The College is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the Termini of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE, Mile End.—The SESSION 1877-78 will COMMENCE on MONDAY, October 1, 1877, when a Conversazione will be held at Eight P.M. Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £60 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Entries on or before September 20. Fee to Lectures and Hospital Practice 90 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of five House-Physicians, four House-Surgeons, one Accoucheurship; also two Dresserships and two Maternity Assistantships. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis. R. KERSHAW, Secretary.

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